

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

AUGUST 7, 1948

PRICE

4d.

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**



*Our
Paris
Fashions
Pages 8 and 9*

**£2000
COOKERY
CONTEST**

New Tricks with Pastry Mix!

● The time-saving, no-failure, Maxam Bakeo method of making pastry is now firmly entrenched in the modern housewives' kitchen—but it is not generally realised that this versatile mixture lends itself just as readily to a host of other grand recipes. On this page are a few tried recipes that demonstrate just what can be done.

MAXAM FRUIT CAKE

One pkt. mixed fruit, 1 pkt. Maxam Bakeo, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 or 3 well-beaten eggs, 2 tablespoons treacle or golden syrup, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, pinch salt, spice.

Boil fruit, sugar and carb. soda in 1 cup water. When cool add treacle or golden syrup, eggs, Maxam Bakeo, salt and spice. A small wine glass of sherry may be added if desired. Bake for one hour in a moderate oven.

MAXAM ORANGE CREAM PIE

One teaspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 2 cups water, 2 heaped tablespoons full cream powdered milk—or 2 cups milk, pinch of salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, separated, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, baked pie shell of Maxam Bakeo Pastry Mixture, chopped nuts.

Soak the gelatine in cold water and dissolve over boiling water. Place the milk powder on top of the water and beat well. Add half the sugar to the milk and heat, then pour on to the egg yolks. Cook until the mixture coats the spoon. Cool and add the orange rind, juice and gelatine. Allow to thicken slightly, then stir in the stiffly beaten egg whites, which have been beaten with the remainder of the sugar. Pour into the cooked pastry case and chill until firm. Decorate if liked with whipped cream and chopped nuts.

MAXAM FRUIT PUDDING

One pound mixed fruit, 1 pkt. Maxam Bakeo, 1 cup brown sugar, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon treacle, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon spice, good pinch grated nutmeg, pinch salt.

To half a cup of cold water, add the fruit, sugar, salt, carb. soda, spice, nutmeg; boil and allow to cool. Add the treacle, eggs, and Maxam Bakeo, and beat until smooth. Place in greased basin and tie firmly greased paper over top to make airtight.

MAXAM LEMON CHIFFON TART

Half cup lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, 4 eggs, 1 level dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup sugar, 1 cooked pastry case (Maxam Bakeo).

Note: (1 pkt. Bakeo makes four seven-inch open pie cases.)

Soak gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Into a double saucepan place half a cup of sugar, strained lemon juice and beaten egg yolks. Cook gently over boiling water, stirring all the while until the mixture is the consistency of custard. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add the grated lemon rind and allow to cool. Beat the egg whites stiffly and gradually fold in the half cup of sugar. Fold into the lemon mixture and pour into a nine-inch cooked pastry case. Chill thoroughly before serving.

MAXAM PARADISE TART

Half packet Maxam Bakeo, 2 eggs, 1 heaped tablespoon powdered milk (full cream), 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 passionfruit, 1 cup desiccated coconut.

Place powdered milk on top of cup of warm water and whisk briskly. Beat the egg and sugar together, then add the milk and passionfruit. Line a tart plate or sandwich tin with the pastry, glaze with egg white and pour in the mixture. Sprinkle the surface with coconut. Bake in hot oven for ten minutes, reduce the heat to moderate, and bake for a further 20 minutes (until the mixture is set).

MAXAM RASPBERRY LAYER

Eight ounces Maxam Bakeo Pastry Mixture, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg (well beaten), 1 tablespoon milk, 4 tablespoons raspberry jam.

Mix Bakeo and sugar with egg into which milk has been beaten to a soft dough. Turn out on lightly floured board and divide into three. Press into seven-inch rounds. Place one layer in 7-inch tin, spread with raspberry jam, top with second layer, jam again and then top layer. Mark across into wedges. Bake in moderately hot oven 30-35 minutes. When cold sprinkle with cinnamon or ice with lemon icing.

MAXAM SPICED TEA CAKE

Half packet Maxam Bakeo Pastry Mixture, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

ICING: 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon coconut, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Mix Bakeo and sugar together, add well-beaten egg and milk with a 1 teaspoon vanilla lightly together. Place in a well-greased 7-inch sandwich tin and bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Turn out and while hot brush with melted butter and sprinkle with a mixture of coconut, sugar and spice.

MAXAM BANANA LOAF

One pkt. Maxam Bakeo, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup mashed bananas (4), 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 egg, vanilla essence.

Mix lightly together—Maxam Bakeo, sugar and nuts. Then add well-mashed bananas, vanilla and milk in which soda has been dissolved. Lastly add well-beaten egg. Grease loaf tin well and bake in moderate oven for one hour. When cool, top with caramel icing.

MAXAM SUNSHINE PIE

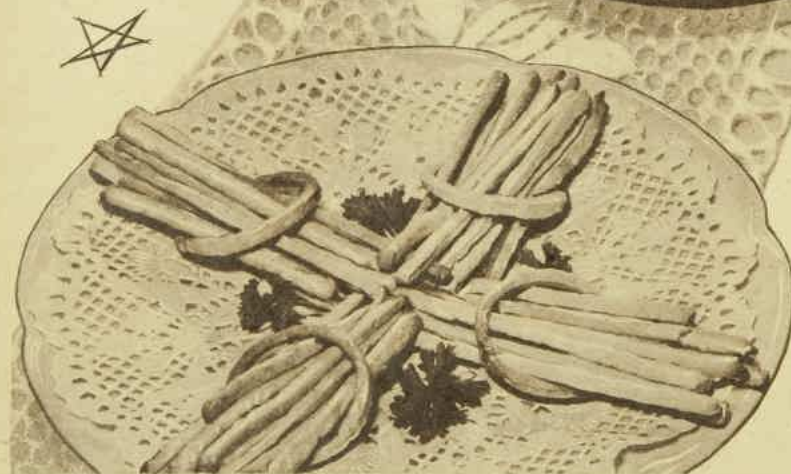
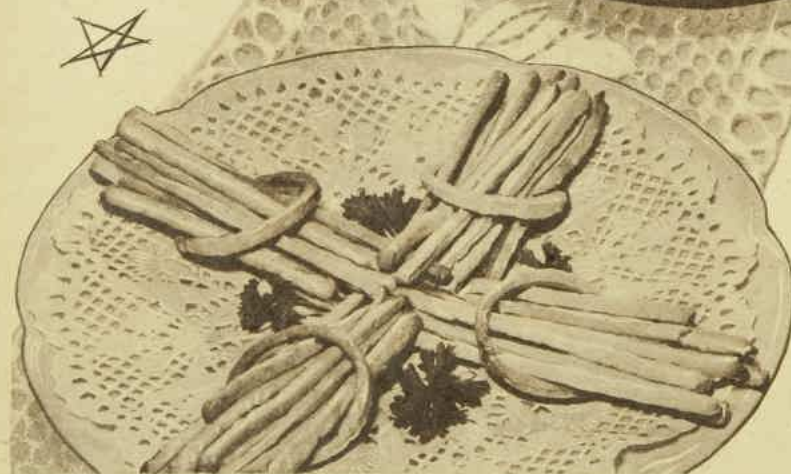
Two eggs (separated), 2 heaped tablespoons powdered milk (full cream), 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, pinch salt, baked Maxam Bakeo pie shell, mock cream, chopped nuts.

Soak gelatine in two tablespoons cold water, and dissolve over boiling water. Place milk powder on top of two cups cold water and beat well; add half the sugar and heat—then pour on to the egg yolks. Cook until the mixture coats a spoon. Cool and add orange rind, juice and dissolved gelatine. Allow to thicken slightly, then stir in the egg whites (stiffly beaten), together with the remainder of the sugar. Pour into the cooked pastry case and chill until firm. Decorate with the mock cream and chopped nuts.

MAXAM CHEESE STRAWS

One cup Maxam Bakeo, 1 cup Maxam Cheese (grated), one egg, salt, cayenne pepper, lemon juice.

Mix Maxam Bakeo and cheese thoroughly, adding pinch of salt, little cayenne pepper (to taste), and little lemon juice. Then add egg. Roll out very thin and cut into straw lengths or biscuit shapes. Bake in moderate oven five to eight minutes.



MAXAM BAKEO ~ the original Pastry Mix!

COLORS SEEN by CANDLELIGHT

By ...
ELIZABETH HOY

AFTER the morning rehearsal Olga Dorenka ran with the other girls to the dressing-room they shared. Tempers were not at their best because it was matinee day and already the wardrobe mistress was scolding them as though they were schoolgirls.

Olga, who was twenty-eight, sometimes grew very weary of this atmosphere of everlasting dragoning. Twenty-eight, and still no more than a member of the corps-de-ballet. Frowning, she prepared to unfasten the winged headdress from her hair.

"Careful, Mademoiselle Olga! Careful with those wings," screamed the overwrought wardrobe mistress.

Olga swore to herself softly. Twenty-eight and the nearest she ever got to her dream was when, like this morning, the great Verovna chose to lie late in bed.

This morning at rehearsal Olga had danced Verovna's role, and only once had Bouchinsky stormed at her—when momentarily she faltered in the long pas-de-bourree before the climax in the second act.

She made the pas-de-bourree now, high on the points of her slippers, right across the dressing-room, the small, perfect steps carrying her as though she were gliding over ice.

"Look at Verovna the second!" mocked a young voice, not unkindly.

Olga smiled into the mirror. "Not Verovna the second," she corrected. "Dorenka the first."

Volonsky, the choreographer, stood in the doorway; Volonsky himself, the god-like, aloof Volonsky.

"Dorenka!" he called.

"Monsieur?" gasped Dorenka.

"Verovna is ill. You will take her place at this afternoon's performance."

"Monsieur!" Dorenka whispered, her voice all gone.

But Volonsky was gone, too. The ballerinas whirled and chattered. Verovna ill! Verovna, who was as strong as a horse.

Like twittering birds the young voices clamored, while Olga stood entranced, no longer conscious of the flurry about her.

THERE was a two-hour break, but Olga could not think of lunch. She ran out into the thick noonday sunlight, and hurried up the steep street leading to the shabby little shuttered house where she was staying.

Always when the ballet company had its Monte Carlo season she occupied the same room, and Madame Lavigne welcomed her. It was the one place in their continental itinerary where she could escape from the crowd life with the other girls.

Madame Lavigne had been a friend of her mother, and the room in Madame Lavigne's house was Olga's poor little idea of a home. She had never, since childhood, known any other.

Now she threw herself down on the couch, panting a little from the hill and the stairs, from the heat and her own excitement. With eyes closed she began to go through every movement she would have to make in her dance this afternoon.

She could not lie still. She poured water into the toilet basin, adding eau-de-cologne. She washed from head to foot, massaging her white, strong feet, flexing her muscles, stretching, bending, turning.

The hot afternoon wind was blowing as she went back to the theatre. She was much too early, and her nerves sickened as she waited for the other members of the ballet.

There was the opening number to be lived through; Les Sylphides to the dreamy music of Chopin, and herself in the humble background to see with hollow eyes how empty an afternoon auditorium could be. There wasn't one face in the orchestra stalls—not even anyone who might have been a critic.

The curtains fell heavily together, the music died away to the sound of mild applause. Olga felt her thoughts sliding together in confusion. It was here now—her hour, her opportunity.

When her mind cleared she was alone on the stage, the bright spotlight holding her. All at once she was calm, poised. The music came to her like an old familiar friend, and her hands moved forward to meet it.

All thought of technicalities slid away from her. She moved with unconscious grace. Light as a snowflake, she rose in the air; soundlessly she touched the boards after each perfect elevation.

She could feel the hush of the house. Or was it but the hush of emptiness? Anxiety touched her once more as she subsided close to the footlights, her arms outstretched.

The orchestra stalls were no longer empty. Her heart leapt, and pleading filled her dark blue eyes as they met the glance of the man who sat so close that almost she could have touched him. He must be the critic!

Please turn to
page 4

*Olga stood
entranced, no
longer conscious
of the flurry
about her.*

"It's thrilling the way Lux Toilet Soap Active-Lather facials make skin lovelier."



Paramount Star in
"THE SAINTED
SISTERS"

LOVELY Veronica Lake is only one of the many famous Hollywood beauties who use Lux Toilet Soap. Why not try their favourite complexion care yourself? Work Lux Toilet Soap's rich lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash on cold. As you pat dry with a soft towel skin takes on fresh new beauty.

The Bath and Complexion Care of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars

LT.240.VVW824

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS
MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER LATE
MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

Beauty Secret

Every woman has beautiful hair, but so often neglect of the scalp and hair roots causes the hair to lose natural sheen and vitality. Your hairdresser will tell you that constant massage with brushing is the best way to restore natural beauty to the hair, because the bristles penetrate right through to the scalp.

The best brush for
this purpose is...



PATRICIA ROC, famous English
Star, says: "Hair beauty is
essential to the well-groomed
woman. I think the modern
Kent-Cosby perfumed hairbrush
is the ideal hairbrush."



KENT-
COSBY
PERFUMED

"Allure"

PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

You can buy the Kent-Cosby "Allure" Hairbrush at better chemists, hairdressers and stores. Trade enquiries to Hillecastle (Pty.) Ltd. in all States.

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

Colors Seen By Candlelight

Continued from page 3

OLGA saw his face wondering, uplifted. With all her will she impelled him. "See me! Know me for what I am!" her spirit cried to him. He leaned forward, as though indeed he had heard her, and she saw that he was bronzed and good to look at.

Then the moment was over. The music recalled her. Raising herself, she made her little steps across the stage to meet Bouchinsky, her ballet lover, who awaited her.

The next moment tears were running down her painted cheeks as Bouchinsky kissed her ear. "Dorenka, you're as light as a cart horse. Lift yourself on your points, woman! You have ruined my performance."

In the wings she sobbed and stormed, while Bouchinsky screamed, "I will not dance with her to-night. She has as much idea of ballet leading as a scene shifter." Volonsky said soothingly: "What did it all matter? It was only an off afternoon. The house wasn't a quarter full. And Dorenka did her best."

Her best! Olga's sobs rose to a fortissimo. Volonsky patted her bare shoulder.

"At least you have enough temperament off stage," he said. "But next time let us have a little of the passion you keep for our private entertainment."

"Next time!" Olga cried, wild with hope. "To-night?"

"To-night!" echoed Bouchinsky in horror. "I tell you to-night I will not dance with this girl!"

"To-night, Verovna will dance," Volonsky said.

Early next morning, dressed in a full-skirted blue gingham frock, Olga left her room in the old house and went down to the market-place.

The air hummed with the light, gay-sounding French voices. Going from stall to stall, Olga bought fruit, sausage, roll and butter. Then she seated herself under the awning of a pavement cafe and ordered coffee.

She ate seriously, intently, her blue eyes idly watching the ever-shifting drama of the bright market. And then she suddenly saw the man from the orchestra stalls.

The young man halted by her table, tall, diffident.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle. It is unexpected to find you out so early in the market-place," he said, in stumbling French.

"I was hungry," Olga returned simply, speaking in English, for there was no mistaking the nationality of the bronzed stranger. "Perhaps you, too, are hungry," she suggested, patting the chair at his side.

The young man sat down. "I am not hungry," he murmured. He passed a nervous hand across his face.

"Forgive me," he said, "but I am a little confused. I had been thinking about you, you see, and it is a bit disconcerting to find you suddenly beside me... as though my thoughts brought you here."

Could this be the opening gambit of a critic struck by her talent? Olga's eyes were enormous with doubt, with hope.

"And yet you are so different this morning," the young man went on. "Yesterday, behind the footlights, you were—well, not quite of this world—for how could you have been more than spirit when you rose into the air and alighted again on solid boards without any sound of impact?"

"Twice," mourned Olga, "I landed with a thud. Bouchinsky said so."

"If a snowflake can thud..." the young man began.

"You are a student of ballet?"

Olga threw at him eagerly.

"I had never seen a ballet in my life until yesterday."

The brilliant and enthralled critic? Olga's hopes faded. "Then why did you come to the theatre twice in one day?" she demanded.

He said, "I wandered into the theatre yesterday quite by chance. I was hot and tired. The dark auditorium, the music, the soundless movements on the stage—I found all that most soothing. And then you looked at me."

"Yes," she whispered.

"And after that it seemed to me that you danced for me alone. I felt that there was definite appeal in that long look you gave me, as though you were in some trouble—asking me for help."

"So you came back to the theatre in the evening and saw Verovna do all that I failed to do," she said.

"I saw only you," he answered. "But it did not seem to me that you knew I was there, or cared. You did not look at me again. You belonged after all only to the music, the illusion..."

"And this morning you find me eating sausage and wearing a gingham frock. It's rather a let-down, isn't it?"

They laughed together, and for a moment she was startled by the joy which looked at her out of the young man's eyes.

"You danced for me!" he said in wonder, and where the poor little hopes of fame lay withered in Olga's heart something warm and exquisite came to life—something so vast, so disturbing, that it must surely be a foolishness to be ignored.

"Who are you?" she asked softly.

"Tell me about yourself."

He said, "My name is John Dermont. I am a doctor. My home in England is an old grey house in a Devonshire village. The village people come to me, and I look after their ailments. It is all very ordinary and dull."

"Is the house empty?" she asked strangely.

"Yes," he said. "The house is very empty. There are pleasant sunny rooms no one ever uses. There is a daily woman who cooks my meals, but she is always in a hurry to be away to her own concerns. There are roses and violets, and honeysuckle and hydrangeas, and in the autumn the garden is dropping with fruit, only there is no one to see it."

She said, wonderingly: "All that for one man. All those empty rooms where the sun shines to itself..."

His face was gentle as he turned to her. He said very simply, "I didn't think they would always be empty, you see. I thought some day there might be children to play in them."

She leaned her chin on her hands, and under her palms she could feel the pulses in her throat fluttering like small, frightened birds. She stood up abruptly.

"I must go," she said sharply. "We begin rehearsals at nine."

That night he was again in his place in the orchestra stalls, correctly dressed in a dinner jacket. In the morning she forgot that she had decided not to go to the market-place again. He was waiting for her under the colored awning of the pavement cafe just as though he had known she would come.

They had coffee together, but she took pains to explain to him about her life in the ballet, and all that it meant to her. She told him that she was as English as himself, that her real name was Olga Doran, but that her heart had always been in ballet work.

"And one day," she ended triumphantly, "I am going to break out of the corps-de-ballet. One day I shall be a second Verovna."

He gave her his wise, slow smile, and it maddened her how little it seemed to disturb him when she showed him so plainly how far her ambitions lay from sunny rooms that might be filled with the voices of children.

She said: "You must see how satisfying, how perfect ballet can be when it is superbly accomplished. Even you must have marvelled at Verovna's Giselle last night."

He said, "I come to the theatre to see you dance. There is nothing Verovna does that you cannot do just as well."

"That's nonsense," Olga said crossly. "You can see that Verovna stands out from the rest of us like a planet among stars. Surely you can see that she is a genius."

He said, "She looks old to me. Old and tired and very ill."

That shocked Olga into silence for a while. Her voice was sober when she spoke again. "Verovna is ill. Much too seriously ill. I should imagine, to be dancing just now, but Bouchinsky makes her keep on because he hates dancing with me, and I am Verovna's understudy."

"Then Verovna," was John's comment, "is a fool to give in to him."

After that, they met each morning in the market-place, and on Sunday they went by autobus for a picnic in the mountains, taking their lunch-basket to a sun-warmed plateau on the edge of a pine forest.

"I'll take this day back with me," he said. "I'll take this Sunday to Devonshire and set it beside all my other Sundays, and they'll never be lonely again, as they used to be."

"And what will you do with the next Sunday that comes to you? What will you be doing this day week?" she asked.

He said, "I'll be going to find Tom Whitton. He's the local painter and decorator. I'm going to have the whole house done over. I'll get Tom to pack the pattern-books and send them to you—so that you can choose the kind of thing you like."

She pressed her knuckles against her closed lids.

He said, "When the house is ready, some time in the autumn, I'll come back here and fetch you."

"We won't be here in the autumn, we shall be in Paris," she whispered.

"All the better, and so much nearer for me. I'll come to Paris then."

She was pale, and there were tears on her cheeks.

"I'm not coming to Devonshire. Not ever," she said. "I've never said anything to lead you to suppose I would, have I?"

"No," he agreed, "you've never said anything in the least encouraging. But I've got an obstinate feeling, all the same, that my home is waiting for you."

"Darling," she sobbed, "you mustn't talk to me like this. I'm a dancer with my way to make, making my way is all I care about on earth."

He gave her his odd, wise smile. "If that were true it might be a lot simpler for both of us," he said.

It was dusk when they dropped to earth once more in the rocketing autobus. Olga only had time to kiss him a swift good-bye before she ran for the theatre.

"You'll be at our market-place in the morning?" he called after her as usual, and the little sound she flung back at him was neither a yes nor a no.

In the dim corridors behind the wings she met the whispering of alarm, the scared young voices, and the running feet. She saw Bouchinsky's face pale and taut, his lips sour as he told her she must dance with him that night.

Please turn to page 10

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



TIME TO KILL

By WILBUR S. PEACOCK

LIEUTENANT FALLON watched the concourse of Central Station, patient and unyielding, estimating and evaluating his chances should Steve Carroll appear. He reluctantly came to the conclusion that a poorer spot for an arrest could hardly be chosen.

People hurried by, and he watched them apathetically. Then he froze, watching the man come from the ramp towards the luggage-room.

The man was Carroll, shaved now, the absence of his dapper moustache subtly altering the lines of his face. He looked shabby, the tweed suit well-worn and overlarge; evidently this was his only attempt at disguise.

Fallon moved in quietly, hand deep in the side pocket of his coat. Carroll had just received a heavy grip and was turning towards Gate 3. Fallon permitted himself to be caught up in the mob of passengers, and when Carroll passed through the gate he was only a few yards behind.

Carroll was walking fast, but warily, looking back now and then, his gaze sliding past Fallon. He went past most of the passengers, towards the head of the train.

Lieutenant Fallon darted forward, going as soundlessly as he could, but Carroll seemed to sense his coming, for he whirled, then stilled, seeing the naked gun in the detective's hand.

"This is an arrest, Carroll," Lieutenant Fallon said. "Don't make it a hard one."

Steve Carroll grinned then, but there was no mirth in his grin.

"Like that, huh?" he said.

"Like that," Carroll nodded. "All right," he said, "all right. Just one thing: Who tipped you off?"

Fallon shrugged. "Some woman; that's all I know." He jerked his thumb. "Let's go back."

Carroll threw the grip, pitching it high. Heavy leather slammed at Fallon's face, and he went backward, carried by the weight. He cursed sharply, heavily, feeling the grinding shock of his fall. Then he was down, sprawling, and Carroll was sprinting towards safety.

Fallon came to his knees, then reared, lining the gun. He threw one shot over Carroll's head, and then patterned four more in a wide fan as the man darted about the front of the train. Swearing, he followed, only to be cut off from his quarry by an incoming train. When the Pullman was in place, Steve Carroll had vanished.

At ten o'clock that night, the account of Carroll's escape from arrest on a charge of embezzlement came over the air.

Alma Carroll sat for a long moment, staring blindly at the radio. There was no particular sense of shock now; that had long since disappeared in the events of the day before. The announcer's voice ran on and on, but the words did not make any sense.

She was shaking, but no tears came; they would never come, she knew.

The telephone was ringing, and Alma Carroll looked at it, knowing instinctively who would be at the other end of the line. But she didn't want to talk to him now; he was hurt enough.

Presently it was silent, and she was glad. Let him think she was out. Let him think what he wanted; she would have no place in his life.

Ordinarily she did not drink; but the shivering would not stop, and so she poured and mixed a highball and sat sipping at it, deep in thought.

This was the end of all things; she knew that now. There was no love for Steve in her now; nor had there been for so long she could not remember when it had died.

There was pity and a sense of duty; and although she knew both

were warped inextricably in her thoughts, and that neither was deserved, she knew, too, that they would always be there, binding her.

The telephone began to ring again, sounding shriller now.

"Please, Jim!" she whispered, as though he could hear. "Please—"

As she could not remember when her love for Steve had disappeared, she could not remember when it had come for Jim. Looking back, recalling little things without meaning in themselves, she knew now that he had always been in love with her.

Yet never had he shown it; never had he betrayed Steve's friendship until the night before.

Then he had said: "You don't love him, Alma, and he doesn't love you. Why play the martyr now? He doesn't deserve such loyalty."

"We're married," she said. "We've been married eight years. I don't want to seem melodramatic, but he needs me now, more than ever."

Jim's face tightened, dark skin flushing with subdued anger.

"Let this other woman take care of him," he said brutally. "He's run to her before; he's spent the money on her." His voice softened suddenly. "It's I that need you."

"You!" She tensed.

"Yes, me. You know I love you; you surely must know that! I've never said it before, but I've got to say it now. Let Steve go; he's a crook and a thief, and—"

"I won't listen, Jim."

He said no more; he went a moment later, and his shoulders were square with brooding anger. She knew then that he had known of Steve's brutality, both spiritual and physical; and the shame in her for her husband and herself was deeper than any emotion she had felt for a long time.

And now Jim was on the phone. She sensed that as surely as if he heard his voice. He would advise her quietly, but strongly, to leave the house. And as quietly she would refuse. He would say that Steve had broken from arrest, and that there was danger for her in her home. And although she knew the truth of the words he would speak, she would not leave, for Steve Carroll was her husband, and he would need help, no matter how small.

She was suddenly afraid, not for herself, but for Jim.

The phone rang monotonously, and at last she rose and went towards the stand, forming words in her mind. She saw her reflection in the hall mirror, and realised again that she was still young, that many years were waiting for her. She tried to reconcile her decision with the thoughts coming unbidden to her mind. She began to shiver again.

"Hello, Jim," she said into the receiver; and, despite herself, there was gladness in her voice.

Blanche could feel the fear within her as though it had weight and substance. She chain-lit a cigarette and then crushed it out after a single puff. Music welled from the radio, hot and brassy now, anti-climactic to the announcer's spot-news flash about Steve Carroll.

She looked again at the clock.

Two hours more she had to wait; two eternities before the plane would leave. And even now Steve Carroll might be on his way to the apartment, perhaps even knowing she had tipped the police about him.

She went into the bedroom, moving with the nervous speed which had come to her in the last five minutes.

She didn't like playing it this way, but she had no choice. If Steve found her gone, he might follow. No, this was better, and safer.

Still moving quickly, she changed into a grey suit, then went to the dressing-table to apply make-up,



Kurt's picture stared at her, and she studied it for a moment. The fool, the utter fool! When he returned from the current trip, she'd be so far away he'd never find her. She almost laughed.

He'd been so stupid about everything, never questioning, accepting every story she told. Even now, he was two States away, selling his cheap little goods for his petty little commission.

She'd played him for a fool from the beginning. He and Steve had worked for the same firm, Steve the cashier and he a salesman. He had worked with Steve on the embezzlement, setting up the faked mail-boxes about the company, arranging for cashing of the cheques.

He'd bragged to her of what he was doing, and she had encouraged him, never letting him know that she and Steve planned to let him take the rap for the entire deal while they got away scot-free.

HER make-up finished, Blanche opened the closet door, finding the small case behind fresh linen on the shelf. It was heavy, and she laid it on the bed, fumbling for the locks. The lid came back, and she touched the money and bonds with scarlet-nailed fingers.

Wealth was there, a fortune. Steve had been clever. He had left the money with her, for she could never be connected with him. And last night, when news of the embezzlement had first broken, he had called to give last instructions, Mexico—a plane ticket—he would be there later, doubling on his trail, taking trains, throwing the police off his tracks.

Those had been his final instructions—the ones she had decided to rearrange to suit herself. A telephone call to the police, swift words, and then hanging up before the call could be traced. After that, she had only to wait, for the police moved swiftly, even on anonymous tips.

But things had gone wrong. And

now she was not certain as to what must be done. She had tickets for the north-west; she had planned to hide there until it was safe to move about again. But she could take no chances.

If Steve sensed a double-cross, he'd haunt the airport until she left. He would kill her then, even at the cost of his own life; she knew that, as she knew many things about the man. She could make no move, for Steve Carroll's movements now could not be predicted. She had to wait, at least until there was no time left to catch her plane. Once free, she'd take her chances.

The phone rang. She shut the case and slid it beneath the bed. Excitement touched her as she reached for the phone.

"Hello!" she said, feeling the tautness of muscles in her throat.

There was no answer, but she could hear the breathing of someone at the other end of the line.

"Hello—who's there?" she said, and panic unfolded in her mind.

The distant phone clicked and the connection was broken. Blanche stared at the receiver for a second, then cradled it again. That was Steve Carroll, it must be, checking to see if she was still in the apartment.

She shivered, frightened now. Suppose he had found out that she had tipped off the police to his plans!

Weakly, she sank to the couch, not hearing the blatant music pouring out of the receiver. The minutes passed, and still she did not move. The she heard the faint scrape of a key in the front door lock, and she came alert, knowing much hinged on the next few seconds.

She saw the gun first. She did not move; she could not move. She watched the empty hand come towards the radio and twist the volume control until the music blared with wall-shaking vibrations.

"Dirty little cheat!" she thought she heard the words.

Then the gun exploded through the noise of the radio.

Kurt toiled the car through the heavy traffic conscious of nothing but deadly fear. The radio was cold and silent now, but he had heard the news-flash, and the knowledge that everything had gone to pieces constricted his throat and set pulses hammering at his temples.

He had been played for a cat's-paw; he knew that now. Steve Carroll had used him, laughing silently all the time; and now the thing was blowing to pieces, and he would be trapped in the debris.

A grimace twisted his mouth, as he remembered Blanche. She too had played him for a fool. Oh, she had been clever, acting as though Steve Carroll had meant nothing to her, and the stories she told of the "gifts" she received had been so palpably false, he wondered how she could believe he would swallow them.

He stopped the car in front of his apartment house, wondering if the police were already there waiting for him. When Carroll had explained his plans, everything had seemed simple and foolproof; but now, in retrospect, he saw the loopholes, and they frightened him.

He saw no lurking men who might be detectives; and at length he left the car, went into the building, and towards the single telephone booth in the lobby.

He fumbled coins clumsily from his pocket—held one for a moment, wondering what to do. If Steve Carroll was upstairs, then perhaps a solution to the problem might be found. But because he was afraid of the man, because he could feel the cold hate congealed in his mind, he didn't want to face him for a moment.

Please turn to page 22

Vicars
Fabrics of Wool...

JOHN VICARS & CO. PTY. LIMITED
MARRICKVILLE, N.S.W.

Manufacturers of fine wool textiles for women, men and children

4628

MOUNTAIN PRELUDE

ALL the way driving back to the cottages Jock was restless, barking periodically. As Helen turned the car round the final curve, a strange glow appeared from the other side of the mountain.

Chandler said quietly, "The orphanage is on fire, Jock must have seen it or smelled it when the fox chase turned to the east. Hurry!"

Helen drove dangerously fast. It was true. Flames were blazing from the kitchen end of the orphanage, and an even more ominous smoke enveloped the rest of the building.

There was no sign of life. All the orphanage folk had gone to bed at the usual early hour, and they were sleeping now, oblivious to the danger.

Helen and Chandler and Jock jumped from the car at the same moment. Jock was the first to enter the building.

Could he possibly have remembered another boy, in a burning plane?

Certainly he remembered his night with Jerry in the boys' dormitory. He headed there unerringly through the smoke. He jumped up on Jerry's bed. He tugged at him until he aroused him.

Jerry sat up, lethargic from sleep and from the smoke.

"Hey, Jock," he murmured stupidly.

Jock pulled at him. Jerry blinked his eyes and coughed. Jock barked and pawed at him. He sank his teeth in Jerry's nightshirt and hauled on it. Jerry looked around it. He galvanised into action.

"Gosh, Jock! Fire!"

The wind was from the west, and the smoke and flames were blowing to the east.

Jerry shouted, "The little fellows! They're over there!"

He dashed toward the babies' dormitory with Jock.

Helen called, "Mrs. Pendleton's room is up here!" and she started toward it.

Chandler called back, "Never mind her! Let's get the kids out!"

She ran to join him. They passed Jerry carrying a small child in his arms, and Jock, dragging a still smaller one by its tiny nightdress.

Helen screamed, "I've got to reach Mrs. Pendleton!" and she ran down the corridor calling, holding her scarf over her face.

The matron answered her. Helen groped her way and found her at a window of the babies' room.

Jerry had attracted her attention, and she was in the act of dropping one of the babies into his arms. Several had awakened and were crying lustily. Others still slept.

One by one Helen and Mrs. Pendleton picked them up, and Jerry caught them.

The flames were roaring through the building. Helen ran to the door, and a billow of smoke met her. She caught sight of Miss Collins, a grotesque figure in flannel nightgown and curl papers, running insanely back and forth.

She saw Chandler make a dash up the stairs, pick her up, and stagger down with her. Miss Collins, with her "discipline," was the one person who had completely lost her head.

Helen heard Jerry's voice beyond the window. He was yelling, "You can't get down the stairs! Wait by the window!"

He ran to the barn and brought the ladder that led to the loft, and hoisted it to the window. Helen forced Mrs. Pendleton ahead of her. The flames swept into the room behind her. Then they were safe on the ground.

Mrs. Pendleton said quietly, "Jerry, see if everyone's accounted for."

He ran from one frightened group of children to another. One of the older boys joined him to count noses.

Jerry said, "Two is missin'. Two of the girls."

Concluding our appealing serial by the author of "The Yearling."

Jock barked by the hedge. Jerry ran to him. The two tiny girls were crouched there in terror.

Jerry told them gently, "Ever' thing's all right now. You come on back to Miss Pendleton."

He took them by their hands and led them to the matron.

Helen threw her arms around him. "Jerry, darling!"

He pulled away from her and spoke gravely, "Twas Jock done it. He wakened me."

The hunters had seen the flames from the valley, and came pouring in.

Mrs. Pendleton was in tears. "That place was always a fire trap! I'm glad it's gone! But what will we do now? What will we do?"

Chandler took her by the arm. He said, "We'll work it out somehow. Just now, we've got to get the kids taken care of."

The little old grandmother addict of the chase piped up, "Shucks to the cornfield, we'll divide up the young uns. I can take four. . . . Hey, you, Percival, how many can you bed and feed? . . . How about you, Uriah?"

One by one the hunters "allowed as how" they could take care of one or two or three. It was taken for granted that Jerry would go with Helen.

Chandler said, "Mrs. Pendleton, I have an extra bedroom. Suppose you and Miss Collins come with me."

"Thank you, but I think we'd better go down in the Gap to help with the children."

Chandler said, "I'm the only one not helping out."

Mrs. Pendleton smiled. "I think you've done your share of helping, Mr. Chandler. . . . Well, folks, let's get to bed. We'll figure things out to-morrow."

The collapsed walls of the orphanage were dying into embers. Helen and Jock, Chandler and Jerry drove together in her car down the road. Chandler got out at his cottage.

"Don't say anything to Mrs. Pendleton yet, but perhaps I can help," Helen said. "I've finished my composition, and I've written my manager that I'm ready to give a concert. I think, under the circumstances, that I may be able to raise several thousand dollars toward building a new orphanage."

"That's very kind of you, indeed," he said coldly, "and what about Jerry?"

Jerry relieved her of the necessity for answering. He said, "Jock and me is going to sleep together to-night, ain't we, Miss Lady Jackson?"

"Of course," she said nervously. "Good-night, Mr. Chandler."

She and Jerry, and Jock, too, were too disturbed to sleep. She made cocoa and sandwiches, and Jock shared with Jerry.

Then Helen

made up a bed for Jerry on the davenport, and the boy crawled in between the sheets and covers blissfully. Jock jumped up and curled across Jerry's feet.

The late night was chill, for it was actually early morning, and they had built a fire on the hearth. Helen was reluctant to go to bed. She sat beside the boy and the dog, the firelight flickering over her face.

Jerry said, "You look like my mother. In the dark there, by the fire."

Helen sat up straight. "Your mother?"

"My mother."

"But Jerry, you told me you were only four years old when you came here. . . . to the orphanage. You have a mother? You have remembered how she looks, after all these years?"

He spoke like a sleepwalker. "My mother," he said dreamily, "lives in Mannville."

Helen drew a long breath. "But Mannville is only a few miles away. Jerry, have you . . . seen her . . . lately?"

In the same tone, as though under the influence of opiates, he said, "I see her every winter. She sends for me."



"I must warn you, I'm included in this deal," Chandler said smilingly.

lying awake at nights sometimes, thinking. He wouldn't say what was on his mind, but I realise now, it was his mother. I'm going to find her. If it's only poverty, I can do something about it."

Chandler said slowly, "You're terribly relieved, aren't you?" "Why . . . possibly, yes. Isn't it a normal reaction?"

"No. Whatever she is, she can't be much of a mother. You're relieved, not for Jerry's sake, but for your own. It relieves you of loving him."

She was speechless.

"I've been watching it ever since I came," he went on gently. "For the boy, the sun rises and sets with you. And with Jock. You've wanted desperately to love him, to make him your own, to give him what he needs from you and the dog—a family. And you wouldn't allow yourself to do it."

He smiled. "If you understood dog language as Jerry and I do, you'd have heard Jock, too, saying 'My heart will break without a family.'"

He laid his hands on her shoulders.

"Dear Helen, don't you know that you take nothing away from the dead when you love again? Does it deprive your own lost son of love, to give a share to Jerry?"

She turned away without answering.

He called after her, "See his mother, anyway. Helen. Things may straighten out."

Helen walked back to her cottage, unseeing. She scarcely noticed that Jock and Jerry had left the house. She sat down and stared ahead of her. Her mouth set in a tight line.

"He belongs with his mother," she said stubbornly.

She heard Jerry shouting along the road, with Jock barking joyfully. Jerry dashed in waving a sheet of paper.

"Mr. Willigoodie got another telegram for you!"

She read the message blindly. She came sharply to life. "Jerry, this is wonderful!"

The message was from her manager. It read:

"Have arranged concert for you San Francisco Auditorium week from to-morrow. Dumond unable to fill scheduled engagement begs you substitute. Have announced premiere your new composition, Mountain Prelude. Am glad for you returns 5000 dollars. Also fine audience as you know. Have drawing-room for you on Limited from Chicago the 8th. Wire or phone corroboration."

"ARTHUR NORTON."

Please turn to page 13

By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

be nice. Do you know her size?"

"I think it's eight and a half. Do you wear eight and a half?"

"No," she whispered. "No. I wear a much smaller size—a six."

"That's funny," he said. "I reckon her hands must be bigger'n yours."

Helen was too shocked to speak.

He said, with the same air of unreality: "She likes white gloves. You reckon I could get them for a dollar?"

"Yes. Yes, I think so."

The boy and the dog dropped off to sleep. Helen went to bed, but tossed through the night. In the morning she made breakfast with Jerry's help. Jock happily underfoot.

Later Helen walked up the road to Chandler's cottage.

away from her for moral reasons."

"A boy like Jerry can't possibly have come from bad stock!"

"Such things do happen. But I don't think we should condemn his mother without knowing. And the orphanage has been a good, wholesome place. The kids have had enough to eat, Mrs. Pendleton is kind, and ragged clothes don't particularly matter."

"But Jerry spoke so longingly of his mother! There was such love in his voice!"

"She hasn't entirely abandoned him. She may plan to have him with her some day."

Helen nodded. "That may account for his being so cheerful."

She was silent a moment.

"You know, when I first knew him," she went on, "he spoke of

Dining & Dancing

★ These glorious gowns for cocktails, dinner, theatre, or dancing, and the formal Schiaparelli gown on our cover, were flown from Paris to Australia for The Australian Women's Weekly 1948 Paris Fashion Parades.



● For theatre or dancing, Jean Dessès created this elaborate model of maroon-and-black shot taffeta. The extravagantly draped skirt falls over a knife-pleated underskirt.



● A deep band of shell embroidery is an outstanding note at the neckline of Paquin's dinner or cocktail frock, made with a black linen blouse, wide lime-green belt, and full, grey linen skirt. Belt is lined with canvas so that it pulls the waist in as much as possible over the skirt.

(C)

● Particularly delightful for the very youthful is the floral taffeta frock designed by Gres. It features a full swing ankle-length skirt, low-cut narrow neckline, and short puffed sleeves. It is ideal for dinner dates or for dancing.



● Off one shoulder is an unusual line in Schiaparelli's lilac linen jacket designed for any after five occasion. Scallop-edged collar is encrusted with bead embroidery.



The Australian Women's Weekly — August 7, 1948



● Layers of taffeta rustle in the underskirt of Marcel Rochas' evening gown of palest pink taffeta and black net sprinkled with diamante. The bodice loops into an elegant neckline and the looped line is carried out again in the very full skirt which has black net closely pleated to make a very bouffant underskirt.



● A padded pannier gives an exaggerated hip-line in Worth's lilac crepe evening gown with its closely moulded strapless bodice trimmed with bead embroidery.

(1)



● An enchantingly young-looking frock is achieved by Nina Ricci by taking white organdie and making a huge, full skirt, applique around the hemline with green, pink, and red floral linen. The same pattern is applique on to the bodice.

The Australian Women's Weekly
August 7, 1948
Page 5



CRAVEN "A"
are grand
there's quality
in every one



CRAVEN "A"
They never vary!

CARRERAS LIMITED — OVER 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Nocturne Duet

raymond designed, in shining, supple satin and sentimental lace. A slim, slim gown to contrast with the extravagant fullness of this romantic hooded negligée.



GRIFFINETTE
fashions
from quality Stores and Salons
distributed by
Lance Raymond Pty. Ltd.,
19 Hargrave St.,
Sydney.

Colors Seen By Candlelight

VEROVNA was desperately ill this time. Verovna was dying.

Olga flung herself into her costume. There wasn't time to be nervous. And out on the stage she found herself not caring in the least for the neurotic asides of Bouchinsky, or the watchful eyes of Volonsky in the wings.

The auditorium swam, a dark glimmer of faces beyond the footlights. One face alone she sought. He was there, so close that she could see his smile of encouragement, of love.

A storm of applause aroused her, dazed her, as again and again she was drawn by her partner to take the endless curtain calls. He kissed her. Bouchinsky kissed her! Volonsky held her hands. The little ballet girls crowded about her between laughter and tears.

There were flowers for her, great gilded baskets, and bouquets, and sheaves. The rising tide of success like a river in full spate bore her away and away through the hours of that glittering night.

Supper at the most elegant rendezvous on that elegant coast. Volonsky on her right, a famous international critic of ballet on her left. She laughed, she danced, she ate a little and drank a little.

There was no time to think that the morning was whitening beyond the far high alps and that in an hour or so the market-place would be full of sunlight and voices.

At the table in the little cafe, she remembered at last, he would be waiting for her. It was a sharp remembrance, swift and painful as a knife thrust. She found paper and pencil and scribbled a note.

When she had despatched it by a page she found Volonsky waiting for her with the first of the morning papers, the first star in the constellation of praise that was to come.

In the market cafe John Dermont read the note she had brought to him over and over. Each time he read it his stillness became more profound.

She is wiser than I, he told himself at last with hopeless resignation. Her life is the stage, the music and the lights. Her life is the heady excitement of fame.

He went to his hotel and asked for his bill. He must leave by the afternoon express he said. He did not answer the note which had now joined the crumpled theatre programme in his pocket.

Verovna's room was airless, hot. Olga, standing at the foot of the big canopied bed, held in her hand one of last night's gilded baskets of flowers.

"Nice of you to have dropped in," Verovna whispered. "Bouchinsky... Volonsky... they have told me about your success. I have read the newspaper notices... I congratulate you, my dear."

Olga said, "Thank you," and suddenly wished she had not come. She was ashamed of her health, her glowing young body, her triumph. She said lamely, "I hope you are feeling better to-day, Verovna. I hope you will be soon be back with us again."

Verovna went on, her eyes closed, glancing. She said, "Yesterday I thought I was going to die, and I was afraid. To-day I am afraid because I am not going to die... at least not for many years."

Verovna went on, her eyes closed, "I shall never dance again. My heart, the doctors tell me, is hopelessly diseased. Not enough to kill me, you understand, but merely enough to condemn me to a living death. I shall never be able to dance again. I am finished... and you are beginning."

The great eyes opened. "How do you find it, Olga? The fame, the acclamations?"

"It is exciting," Olga admitted gently, not wanting to say too much about herself, fearful of giving pain.

"You stand at the beginning of the rosy path. I stand at the end of it," Verovna said.

"What does it feel like at the end?" Olga asked impulsively, all her intention to be tactful forgotten in the sudden strange fear which assailed her.

"Empty," Verovna whispered. "Empty—empty. I am forty-three. I may live another thirty years. I shall be poor, obscure."

"But you will never be forgotten." "I am forgotten a little already. Bouchinsky came to see me this morning. He could talk of nothing but your beauty, your genius, your success."

"I'm sorry!" Olga murmured. "Don't be sorry. Enjoy yourself, my dear. Soon enough you will be through with it all too. We have such a little time... any of us. But while it lasts it is good—it is glorious."

"So little time!" Olga found herself crying out. "And when the little time is over?"

Verovna smiled. "You will have your books full of Press cuttings, even as I have. You will carry them about the world with you until you find some corner where the sun shines and living is not too expensive. You will play bridge and you will walk gently by the sea, and in the long evenings you will take out your books of cuttings..."

Tears rolled slowly down the leaden cheeks. "How am I going to bear it?" Verovna cried. "What am I going to do?"

And in a moment Olga was beside her, her arms thrown round the shaking shoulders in comfort. They wept together, their tears mingling.

"Though why you should weep for me," Verovna faltered presently, "why you should let my trouble cloud your happy day I do not know. You are very sweet and sympathetic, my child."

Olga lay still, exhausted. "I think it is for myself I am weeping," she said, but Verovna had closed her eyes. When she slept at last, Olga crept lightly from the room.

The outside world was a glare of light, the wind blowing in from the Mediterranean hot as an oven breath.

Olga walked in a trance through the sun to the big hotel by the sea. In the foyer she said his name and the clerk at the desk told her he had gone. She whispered the words after him, then she was running down the wide steps to the street, not caring that the people sitting at tables on the terrace stared at her, whispering that she was Dorenka.

He was there on the platform in the hot wind. When she shouted at him he looked at her gently, but as though she were a stranger. Her eyes were wild as she tugged at his coat sleeve, holding him back from the gilded carriage that slid to a halt in front of him.

"Listen, John, listen, darling!" she cried. "You don't need to go until Wednesday. You can't go before Wednesday. There's so much we have to arrange about the wallpaper and what you have to tell Tom Whitton."

She took the suitcase from his hand and swung it back on to the bed of railway-station begonias that were flattened in the wind. "You can't go. You can't leave me!" she cried, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

He took her in his arms. He said, "But everything you wrote to me in your letter this morning was true, Olga."

"Yes," she agreed, "everything I wrote to you this morning was true. But now there is another truth. I don't want a life made up of Press cuttings. Oh, please stay to listen to me, darling."

The train began to move away, and he looked after it with an air of bewilderment.

"Listen, darling," she urged, dizzy with relief as the train vanished. "I know it sounds mad the way I'm saying it now, but it's all so simple, really. I don't want nothing but bits of old newspaper in my life; I'd much rather have wallpaper—with walls behind it. I can't go all through my life without walls," she said.

(Copyright)

Interesting People



MRS. DOROTHY EVANS
... collects Maori legends

FOR past six months Mrs. Dorothy Evans, famous New Zealand radio personality, has been visiting Sydney. On year's leave of absence from N.Z. National Broadcasting Service, she will spend remainder of time working with B.B.C. She is programme organiser and producer of children's sessions for Wellington, collects unusual Maori legends. Originally a pianist, she began broadcasting 19 years ago. She is vital, slender, grey-eyed. Enthusiastic about choral singing.



CAPT. PATRICK PERRY, O.B.E.
... London liaison officer

RETURNED to former post of Naval Liaison Officer in London is popular, sport-loving R.A.N. personality Captain Pat Perry. He held same position from 1937 to 1941. Awarded O.B.E. for service in H.M.A.S. Australia during Battle of Coral Sea and naval actions in East Indies and New Guinea areas, he joined R.A.N. in 1921 as Paymaster Cadet. Has represented his service in five different sports. He is a Queenslander by birth.



MRS. P. M. PIKE
... Perth identity

FAMILIAR figure to patients at Royal Perth Hospital is Mrs. P. M. Pike, great-grandmother, honorary secretary and buyer for Hospital Red Cross Auxiliary and first honorary secretary of Claremont Branch of Red Cross. For past 27 years her kind, calm face has greeted patients at hospital tuck-shop. Her record: Not a day off except annual holidays in 27 years. Duntroon graduate sons Majors John and Bill Curlewis are in Japan and England.

Learning to Love

By . . .

**MARGARET
PULSFORD**



*"My lunch hour is nearly over,"
Joan said, starting to stand up.*

ON the first occasion that Keith and Joan sat opposite to each other at lunch they were a hundred yards apart, each on a bench, separated by a stretch of the park.

The trees about them were fluttering and lovely; the sun shone and there were long, slender fingers of shadow.

It seemed to Keith that one of these began under his feet and pointed directly at Joan.

Her sandwiches were in an attache case. His came out of his jacket pocket in a limp parcel. She sat with the case open on her knees, and he put his packet on the seat beside him. She ate with the slow earnestness of a child and that was what she was, only seventeen. Her hair was long, pale gold, and straight.

Keith was nineteen. What a girl, he thought, what a girl! He was excited and shy. His hand constantly strayed towards his packet of sandwiches, but when it came to the point he could not eat one. Eating sandwiches in full view of this wonderful girl was all wrong.

It did not matter to him that she was eating sandwiches. She did it

so neatly, so gracefully. Besides, she looked at him almost every time she took a bite. In between she gazed at nothing. Yet he felt that all the time she knew he was there.

A woman came and sat on the farther end of the seat from Keith. She was middle-aged and plump and she took off her shoes, stretching her big feet in their stockings in a way that Keith thought was disgusting until he saw the shadow of a smile on Joan's face. Then he smiled and looked across full of understanding.

Joan promptly stared up at the trees, all their leaves full of whispering laughter. Keith was so disconcerted he took a large bite of sandwich and hated the woman who, all unknowingly, had made a fool of him.

Joan snapped her attache case shut, stood up and swung away. Keith's heart gave great thick bumps as he saw her go. He guessed she was in an office. But where was the office?

His legs were restless with a desire to follow her, but he did not yield to it. He had never followed any girls, but he knew she would hate it.

The next day she was there. So was he. They sat in the same seats,

but this time, although he was hungry, he had not any sandwiches. They were just an embarrassment and he decided to get one later and have a cup of coffee. He lit a cigarette and felt very worldly.

All the time that Joan ate her sandwiches he watched her in a persistent but also discreet way. Neither her face nor her eyes recognised him, but there was something about her person which did, the way she sat a little sideways, so deliberately indifferent.

He longed for something dramatic to happen. He imagined a lunatic rushing towards her with an open razor and saw himself successfully foiling the murderous attempt. But everything was calm.

The silence and her tantalising presence became intolerable to him. He rose, elaborately stamping out the stub of his cigarette, and walked behind the seat on which he had been sitting.

She watched him anxiously, and the sandwich she was eating became dry in her mouth. Was he coming towards her? Would he speak if he did?

He came on slowly, his head raised. He appeared completely ab-

sorbed in the trees. Beneath the one nearest to her he stopped, slowly took a cigarette from his case and lighted it, then he took a step forward and sat down on the extreme end of the seat.

He still looked upwards and his neck above the immaculate collar was very pink. And then he took the cigarette from his lips.

"You don't mind my cigarette, do you?"

"No," she shook her head. What a funny question, she thought.

"Would you care for a cigarette?"

"No, I don't smoke." She giggled irrepressibly.

"You don't mind my sitting here?"

She closed the case so quickly that it shut lightly over the fingers of one hand. "No." She could say no more.

"Do you come here every day for lunch?" he asked.

"Nearly."

"I thought you did. I saw you yesterday."

"Did you? I didn't see you." Now why did I say that when it's a lie? she thought.

"Didn't you?" He was at once deflated and urgent.

"No," she said determinedly.

He flicked ash off his cigarette and

stared down at it. He did not know what to say next. She also was beset by shyness and fastened her case.

"You're not going yet?" He was on his feet, released into action by despair.

"My lunch hour's nearly up," she said, starting to stand up.

"Can I walk back to your office with you?"

"Oh, no. I mean I'd rather go back alone." Everybody'll see, she thought frantically, and flushed.

He saw her nervousness and felt as if his heart was expanding within him. He felt both strong and humble, and in that moment he fell in love.

"But you'll promise to come to-morrow, won't you?"

"Yes." Strange things were happening to her as well. She wanted to run away and she wanted to stay. "Good-bye," she said, and forced herself to walk away.

He was there early next day, his head constantly turned in the direction where she would appear. Two bars of chocolate were on the seat beside him, and a bag of pears.

As the minutes went by, suspense began to hurt like the beginning of pain, and then rushed out of him as though driven on a high wind. She was there.

"I thought you weren't coming."

"I had to do a letter." She wore a golden-brown suit, fastening high at the neck.

"Are you a secretary?"

"No, not really. I do all sorts of things." She looked at him in frank inquiry.

He answered the look. "I'm studying to be an architect." He looked at the chocolate. He did not want to talk about himself, and said quickly: "I bought some chocolate. It's for you." He handed it to her.

"Oh, how nice!" She began to laugh. So did he. Embarrassment disappeared and they began to talk as she took out her sandwiches and shared them with him.

His name was Keith Calvert. Her name was Joan West and she lived with her parents and had a dog called Flip. She didn't like office work. She wanted to be a fashion artist.

He played football. "If I wasn't going to be an architect I'd like to have been a pro," he said.

She looked at him wonderingly, full of shy admiration.

"I'll have to go soon," she said.

"You'll come back to-morrow?" A hundred schemes were in his mind to meet her that evening, but he could not voice them.

She nodded, and then said: "Oh, no, it's Saturday. I don't work on Saturdays."

"Let's meet to-morrow early. Let's go out all day." His face was bright with hope.

"I couldn't do that." She was full of longing and yet afraid. Her mother loomed large in her mind.

"Why not?"

"My people are awfully strict and I always go to the pictures with Betty on Saturday afternoon. She's my friend."

Please turn to page 28

Page 11

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 7, 1948

ODO-RO-NO CREAM

STOPS PERSPIRATION TROUBLES FASTER

ODO-RO-NO CREAM



"I intend that the whole world should see her as I do . . . as a noble, self-sacrificing human being."

GREGORY PECK

I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT MRS. PARADINE*

DAVID O. SELZNICK'S
PRODUCTION OF
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

THE PARADINE CASE

FROM THE
BOOK BY
ROBERT
HICHENS



"I hope she goes scot-free — free to kill — or to take other wives' husbands — or to do anything else that comes into that beautiful head of hers".

ANN TODD



"I'll hang her if I must because I am a judge, but man to man, she's too lovely to destroy."

CHARLES LAUGHTON



"Fascinating, Fascinating. I am a ruin, but she certainly brings my pulse up a beat or two."

CHARLES COBURN



"I do pity her! Does anyone need pity more than the woman . . . who has sinned?"

ETHEL BARRYMORE



"She is bad, bad to the bone. If ever there was an evil woman, she is one."

LOUIS JOURDAN



* Mrs. Paradine
Played By

Valli

Selznick's New
Star

A Distinguished Picture Brilliantly Enacted By

GREGORY PECK ★ ANN TODD ★ CHARLES LAUGHTON
CHARLES COBURN ★ ETHEL BARRYMORE ★ LOUIS JOURDAN

Released By SELZNICK RELEASING ORGANISATION PTY. LTD.

Australian Distribution By BRITISH EMPIRE FILMS

THE VERDICT IS — MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT

— and also for your "Must See" List —

"PORTRAIT OF JENNY" STARRING JENNIFER JONES ★ JOSEPH COTTEN



Revel

J

JERRY asked anxiously, "You going some place?" "Yes," Helen answered. "I'm going to California. I'm giving a concert. People will listen to our music. They're paying me enough to start building the new orphanage again. Each year I plan to give a concert just for the orphanage."

He stroked her arm timidly. "You got to go soon?" "Yes. If I leave to-morrow morning I can make my connections in Chicago."

He clutched her in desperation. "Miss Lady, when will you come back?"

She closed her eyes a moment, against the sight of his brown little face so close to hers.

"Why, Jerry," she said, "I'm not coming back. I'm going to get in touch with your mother. Perhaps I'll come back some summer for a little while."

"Oh," he said. He turned white. He gave Jock an anguished embrace and started on the run up the road. When he was out of sight of her cottage, he hid himself under a clump of laurel and sobbed his heart out.

After a long time he gulped, brushed away the tears and set out staunchly to face Mr. Bill in the collapse of his world. He would ask him if he would be too much bother if he stayed with him a while.

Helen found there was a great deal to be done in preparation for leaving. She cleaned the cottage thoroughly, which took much of the day.

Jock sensed that change was impending, and he tagged her with worried wrinkles in his forehead. When she packed her bags, he slunk under the piano.

She said sharply, "Jock, what's the matter with you? You know you love to ride."

He gazed at her pitifully. Surely, he was saying, you do not intend to leave this happy place? Surely, you do not intend to leave Jerry?

But Jerry was gone and did not return. Jock refused his supper that night, and breakfast in the morning. He whined, and took the hem of her skirt in his teeth, trying to make her understand that what she seemed to be doing was quite impossible.

Helen went out to the front porch to size up the weather. A piece of paper lay there weighted with a flat stone. She picked it up and read the message:

"Dear Miss Lady, I was makin a mapul lamp for you, but it got burnt up in the fire. I will make a nother when we get a new shop, pless rise to me, yor very lovin' Jerry."

A wave of longing engulfed her. She fought her way clear. She drove up to Chandler's cottage.

"I came to say good-bye," she said. "I'm leaving for San Francisco for a concert."

"Yes, Jerry told me." "It will mean a start for the new orphanage."

"How nice. A bigger and better orphanage. Room for more homeless kids. For more Jerrys."

"Please, you're cruel. It all seemed to be taken out of my hands. The concert, finding Jerry has a mother—"

"I hope the new composition is a success."

"Where is Jerry? I want to say good-bye to him, too."

"He disappeared very early this morning. He has more guts than any boy I've ever known, but it's asking too much to expect him to hang around for fond farewells."

She faltered. "Give him my love. If I write you, will you let me know about him?"

His answer came from an iceberg.

"I'll be delighted to let you know if he's dead or alive, filled or hungry. I'm certain you'll be interested in the architecture of the new orphanage. I'll write you about that."

He stepped close to her and spoke savagely. "Why don't you at least leave Jock with him?"

"I couldn't. He was my husband's dog... my son's dog—"

"So you'll let the living dog and the living boy suffer to ensure your own loyalty, as you see it."

He turned his back on her and she drove away. She stopped at Mr. Willigood's

Mountain Prelude

Continued from page 7

to inquire where she might find Mrs. Pendleton. He directed her, and in a short while Helen drew up in front of the cabin where Mrs. Pendleton was staying. The matron came to meet her.

"Mrs. Pendleton," Helen said, "I'm on my way to California to give a concert. I'll send the money from it to you—five thousand—to begin rebuilding the orphanage. And I hope to help out each year."

"We can't thank you enough, Mrs. Jackson. These mountain children are so fine. I've suffered, not being able to give them all they should have."

"And, Mrs. Pendleton, I want to leave some money with you to buy things for Jerry. At Christmas and on his birthday."

"That's very kind of you."

"I'll leave it to you to get things for him that his mother hasn't already sent him. And, please, what is his mother's name and address? I wanted to talk with her, to find out why she doesn't have him with her, but now I'll have to write her instead."

Mrs. Pendleton said, "I don't understand. Jerry has no mother."

Helen stared at her. "But his mother lives in Mannville."

"Mrs. Jackson, I knew Jerry's mother. And his father. They're both dead. Long ago."

"He has... no mother?"

Mrs. Pendleton said gently: "I'm

GAY NEW SERIAL

COMEDY, intrigue, and a deeper romantic interest are the keynotes of "I'm a Stranger in Town Myself," our new serial by Edwin Lanham, to begin next week.

Shy, scholarly Martin Vincent seemed a most incongruous choice for a commission requiring the poise and quick wits of an accomplished man-about-town, and the pitfalls that beset him the instant he sets foot in New York set the stage for the provocative action of this entertaining serial.

Watch for its opening installment in next week's issue.

afraid the fire upset you, Mrs. Jackson. I expect you weren't well when you came here."

"No, no, I'm quite well. Jerry lied to me."

She drove away hurriedly. She was dazed.

The autumn day was magnificent, but for Helen the bright blue sky might as well have been hung with black clouds. Jock lay beside her on the seat of the car, as despairing as when they had left young Hank's home, so many months ago.

They left the mountains behind. Well to the north at night, they stopped at a tourist court.

Jock crawled out of the car. The unspeakable emptiness had begun for him again. Helen was restless all night. She got out of bed and paced the floor. Why did Jerry lie to me? Why did he lie?

In the morning Jock drank a little water, but refused food. Helen could manage only black coffee. She was disturbed almost out of reason and could not put her finger on the cause.

She drove into the outlying suburbs of Chicago. She reached the station. The Limited was in. A porter came to her car.

"Taking the Limited, ma'am?"

"Yes. I'll have to put my car in storage. I have a drawing-room, so I think my dog will be allowed to stay with me."

"Yes, ma'am. There's a good garage around the corner. But you don't have too much time. Would you like me to call a man to take your car?"

"Thank you, yes. My bags are in the rear compartment."

She stepped out and called Jock after her. Then suddenly she reeled as though she had been struck.

"Jock!" she cried out. "Jerry didn't lie to me! I've been so blind! Jock, it's only that he wanted a

mother so badly! He dreamed of her! She was real to him! He said I looked like her in the fire-light!"

The porter's kind brown face was anxious. He said, "Excuse me, ma'am. You feeling all right?"

"Oh, yes! I feel wonderful! Jock!"

Jock had turned back and jumped into the car. He felt an unreasonable hope. He had no words at his command, but he did not need them, for Helen entered for an instant into the world of dog language.

His eyes were saying to her, "I cannot leave my love. I cannot follow you around the world without my family."

She said, "Oh, Jock, Jerry was trying to tell me that I seemed to be his mother."

The porter asked, "Ma'am, can I get you a doctor?"

"Oh, no. But of course! We can drive back and take a plane to the Coast!" She handed the porter a five-dollar bill. "Thank you so much. I won't be taking the Limited."

His dark face was grave. "Seems to me, excuse me, ma'am, you've settled something in your mind. But you going to waste your ticket? There's a lady here right now can't get a seat to the Coast. Her boy out there is dying."

She said, "Pick up my ticket and Pullman reservation at the ticket office. They were paid for in New York. They're in the name of Helen Jackson. Give them to her."

"Give them to her, ma'am?"

"Yes. Tell her—I'll pray for her son."

The porter handed her back the bill.

"God bless you, ma'am," he said, and hurried to the little distraught woman.

Helen could not get the car away fast enough. Once off, she drove madly. Jock took new hope. He sat up very straight.

They stopped overnight at a friendly farmhouse, and were up long before dawn, driving, returning to the mountains. Brushy Gap seemed the most beautiful spot in the world.

Helen turned the car up the mountain road, past her cottage, and stopped in front of Chandler's door. She blew the horn. Chandler and Jerry came out together, and she ran to them.

"I've come back for Jerry!" she said breathlessly. "We can catch a plane!"

Chandler said, "What are you talking about?"

"Stupid man! Don't you understand? I am Jerry's mother... Jerry darling, hop into the car this minute. We have to hurry like everything."

Jock was out of the car, his paws on Jerry's shoulders, the boy's arms tight about him.

Jerry said unbelievably, "I'm going with you? You and Jock and me is going to be together?"

"Darling, we're never going to be separated again."

Chandler said slowly, "I'm awfully sorry, but I can't agree to this arrangement."

Helen said, "But you can't keep us from being a family."

"Since when has there been a family without a man?" He smiled.

"I must warn you; I'm included in this deal. You see, I've put through adoption papers for Jerry. In a few weeks I'll be Jerry's father."

Helen said, "You mean... to have Jerry, I have to... take you too?"

"That's the general idea. Oh, Helen, my dear—"

Jock and Jerry did not see the embrace, for they were romping too joyously together.

Bill held Helen at arm's length. "This is a lot to ask of you," he said, "but when we go into this family business I'll have to make another stipulation."

She drew away. "You mean that I have to listen to your advice for the sake of my morale?"

"No, darling. I'm only asking you to give up sweet snuff."

They laughed so together that it interfered with the packing-up to get away for the concert.

(Copyright)

Horrockses

REGD

the Greatest Name in Cotton



SHEETS · PILLOWCASES

TOWELS · FLANNELETTES

WINCETTES · DRESS GOODS

SHIRTINGS · FURNISHINGS



Hilmar



One of your most precious charms... your endearingly soft hands! It's so quick and easy to keep your hands at their loveliest, no matter how busy they may be, when you use Pond's Hand Lotion regularly. Just sprinkle on a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion every night at bedtime—and every time you've had your hands in water.

Rich, concentrated Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener. So get a bottle to-day—at all chemists and stores.

POND'S HAND LOTION

P.S.—Washing up or washing to do? Give your hands extra care, by massaging before and after with Pond's Hand Lotion.





whispering lips say:

Lovely

THE WHISPER: "Lovely!" can be heard wherever you go; friend and stranger alike are captive to your charm. Always you are self-assured—always poised for your lines are firmly moulded to youthful beauty, freedom and lovely grace by your Berlei True-to-Type Foundation. It's your Berlei that brings the delicate charm which all admire yet find so hard to understand.

your lovely figure says:

Berlei

the Foundation of Loveliness



B.43.FP

Call of the Sea



● Two-piece swim-suit of navy-blue-and-white spotted cotton, above, is covered at right by full navy-blue skirt and laced bodice. The suit and beach frock are both by Jacques Heim.



● A wicker hat threaded with a slash of spotted material to match the two-piece suit, above, and a wicker basket with a wide shoulder-strap of the same material as the beach frock complete the outfit.



● Bra top for sun baking and shorts tying in big side bows are by Carven and are made of tan, lemon, and white tulle. All the beach clothes on this page will be seen at our Paris Fashion Parades in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart.



Pat-a-Crème

A Make-up Foundation that's GOOD for the Skin

Two years of exhaustive research resulted in the discovery of this formula—modern, scientific laboratory resources perfected it . . .

NOW, and only now, Elizabeth Arden announces PAT-A-CRÈME, the ultimate in a Make-up Foundation . . . a sensational new development

in beauty. PAT-A-CRÈME gives a younger, smoother, softer-looking skin AT ONCE . . . helps to conceal blemishes, freckles, tiny lines . . . has a lasting, beneficial effect . . . no artificial, ready-to-crack, heavily coated look. PAT-A-CRÈME is easily applied,

easily removed, leaving the skin actually fresher, prettier than before. *Four wonderful shades to complement every complexion.*

Elizabeth Arden

L O N D O N • N E W Y O R K • P A R I S • S Y D N E Y

Olivier's dresser is a shy English widow

She likes to feel he depends on her "just a little"

By JOAN POWE, staff reporter

Behind every footlights appearance of Sir Laurence Olivier in the Old Vic Company's productions lie the care and attention of a grey-haired, shy Englishwoman.

She is his dresser, Mrs. Pat Legh, who has spent four years touring behind scenes with the Old Vic and was with Sir Laurence right through performances of "King Lear" and "Oedipus" in London and Paris, the filming of "Hamlet," and the Shakespeare seasons in New York.

IT is no longer very unusual for an actor to have a woman dresser. During the war, women got their chance at this for the first time, and Mrs. Legh does just what a male dresser would do for Sir Laurence.

She keeps all his costumes mended, neat, and pressed, looks after his wigs and moustaches, and sees that the dressing-room is tidy.

But you have only to meet "Patty," as she is known to the whole company, to realise that her work is much more than just a job.

She is a part of the Old Vic, and the air of comfort and order that fills the dressing-room is evidence of the teamwork and devotion that the Oliviers inspire.

I interviewed her in the actor's dressing-room during Act II of "Skin of Our Teeth" while she was trimming the moustache Sir Laurence wears as Mr. Antrobus in the third act.

"They get a little ragged, so I always get them ready for each new performance," she said. "I suppose, really, there's no need to

trim them, but I like to have them nice for Sir Laurence when he comes off."

"A dresser's job is much more a woman's job than a man's, because there are so many little things a woman thinks of to make a dressing-room nice," she said.

"I always try to make Sir Laurence's room as homelike as possible with flowers, photographs, and pretty covers and cushions."

Sir Laurence's costume changes were laid out neatly on the settee, the freshly brushed grey wig rested on a stand on the dressing-table, and Mrs. Legh had just put the kettle on for the cup of tea the actor always has between acts.

We talked, naturally, about the Oliviers—their great charm, the amazing number of roles they have played, the way they are worshipped by the whole company.

"They are both wonderful, and Sir Laurence is the kindest, best person anyone could ever work for," Mrs. Legh tells you. "He is never temperamental, never gets moods or becomes hard to please."

"He insists on doing most of the making up himself, but there are lots of little things I can do for



SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER

him. It's wonderful to feel that someone like Sir Laurence is even a little bit dependent on you."

When Mrs. Legh started as Sir Laurence's dresser in 1944 she had never been connected with the theatre before, had never done any acting, and was working in London as a script writer with an American broadcasting unit.

"I have always had a great love of the theatre, however, and when I heard that Sir Laurence's former dresser, Rita, was leaving I thought I would write in and apply for the job," she said.

At this stage she had never met either of the Oliviers personally, and didn't hold out much hope that her wish would be realised.

"My people are all seafaring folks, and I had just lost my husband and son," she said. "I felt that I needed a change badly."

Sir Laurence wrote back, an interview was arranged, and Mrs. Legh got the job, working for a fortnight with the old dresser first.

She has seen him as dozens of different people and in dozens of different roles—red-headed as Hotspur in "Henry IV," black-wigged for "Oedipus," white-bearded and with hoary white hair as Lear, ele-



MAKE-UP TABLE in Sir Laurence Olivier's dressing-room, carefully set ready for him by his dresser, Mrs. Pat Legh.

gant, curled and powdered for "The Critic," and with his own dark hair and eyebrows bleached for "Hamlet."

"I was his dresser during the whole filming of 'Hamlet,' and I quite grew to like him with blond hair and eyebrows, though it took months to grow out," she says.

"It was very well dyed, though, and didn't get that streaky, bleached look when it was growing out."

She thinks Sir Laurence looks outstanding in every role he has played, but cherishes a preference for the part of Mr. Puff in "The Critic."

"That was a costume I adored," she says. "The coat was red velvet, a sort of plum color, with real seventeenth century embroidery in green thread on the cuffs and waistcoat. He wore a powdered wig, blue whipcord trousers, and a beautiful lace frill at the neck. He looked really superb."

Sir Laurence, according to Mrs. Legh, has none of the superstitions usually associated with theatricals.

He uses a new stick of greasepaint whenever he feels like it, first night or not, has no qualms about leaving a pair of shoes standing on a chair, and whistles blithely in his dressing-room.

On his dressing-table are five or six photographs of his wife, Vivien Leigh, which accompany him everywhere, but he has no lucky charms.

I asked about a brownish grass strip hanging from the wall over the couch.

"That's a native skirt one of his fans sent him from Darwin," Mrs. Legh said. "He gets hundreds of gifts from fans, and when there's room he puts them up in his room."

"Sir Laurence is a very easy person to look after," she says. "He is very tidy with his clothes, and has no fads or fancies."

"About the only thing he really insists on is his cup of tea."

The kettle was almost boiling, someone had just knocked and said, "Right, Patty," and Mrs. Legh began edging me towards the door.

Regretfully I made my way out. As well as interviewing his dresser backstage, it would have been nice to be able to say, "I've just had a cup of tea with Sir Laurence Olivier—between acts."

OUR CROSSWORD—prizes of £10, £5, £2 every week

This week we introduce a crossword puzzle as a regular feature for our readers.

Prizes of £10, £5, and £2 will be awarded every week for the first, second, and third correct solutions opened.

CLOSING date for entries for the first puzzle, which appears on this page, will be August 16. Prizes and solution will be announced in the issue of September 4.

Entries should be marked on the envelope, "Crossword No. 1," and addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4084W, Sydney.

In order to give our readers in all States an equal chance for the prize, no envelopes will be opened until after the closing date for entries. They will then be jumbled together, and envelopes chosen at random.

until first, second, and third correct solutions are found.

In future issues the crossword will appear at the foot of page 26.

The puzzles, which are exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly, are invented by Lindsay Parker, clever young Sydney artist and designer, who is well known for his Christmas card designs.

Mr. Parker became interested in crossword puzzles when he was in the Army. With ways of passing leisure time so limited in New Guinea, he began solving crosswords.

"Eventually, when I had done all the crosswords I could lay my hands on," he said, "someone suggested to me that it was more entertaining to invent them."

Mr. Parker's crosswords are of the kind sometimes called semi-cryptic. To readers accustomed to simple crosswords, they may appear difficult at first, but the clues often contain two or more leads to the required words.

Every word used by Mr. Parker in his puzzles is either a dictionary or an atlas word (apart from proper names).

We asked Mr. Parker about his method of working. He tells us that he keeps a list of hopeful words, jotting them down when they occur to him.

"I find that devising the clues takes much longer than constructing the puzzle," he said, "so if I think of an ingenious clue at odd times I make a note of it."

"It is very difficult to judge how hard or easy a crossword should be," says Mr. Parker. "If they are too easy they bore crossword addicts."

"Some years ago an Oxford don wrote a letter to 'The Times' complaining that he found 'The Times' crossword far too difficult, and pointing out that if they were too hard for him they must be impossible for ordinary citizens."

"Immediately 'The Times' received a flood of letters from housewives, clerks, and businessmen, who said the Oxford don was talking nonsense. Some claimed to do them in a half-hour train journey, and housewives said they got them well under way while having their eleven o'clock tea."

Although the first crosswords were seen in England in the 19th century, it was in 1923 that the Americans took them up. The craze spread all over the United States and back to England. After the first boom they settled down to retain a steady following.

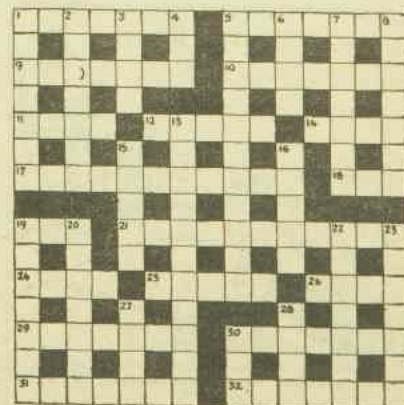
CROSSWORD No. 1

ACROSS

1. Red steel! They're con-founded distributors of the peace (7).
2. Poet trio can (anag.) (if you can stomach it) (11).
3. Wizard can turn an uncooked bit of ham into an English composer (7).
4. Plumes when gratis is given back to me (7).
5. To wash the hair in a false pool—the conclusion is foregone (7).
6. Mr. Arkwright, Gnr. (4).
7. Is cap jelly set correctly? (5).
8. Welsh emblem (4).
9. Battleship cranium for this 3 plus 3 equals 10 (11).
10. Jungle Juice (3).
11. It follows polka in pattern (5).
12. Poor trio can (anag.) (if you can stomach it) (11).
13. Eggs over (4).
14. I distribute cards, it's perfect (5).
15. Heads turn in mark (4).
16. Or strive for superiority to an Italian town (7).
17. Sure! M. Vincent Auried is not a self-anointed minister. Obviously it's a myth (7).
18. Strip editor turns to the illegal bookmaker and gives him the oil (7).
19. Officer disfigures Henry (7).

DOWN

1. Pure and delicate in color (7).
2. "It's poetic open, at a price," surgeons may say, and they do (7).
3. Simple destruction of these clues (4).
4. Naturally this water is never fresh (3).
5. Household chemical and wood in the arms of a bird to fuss about (7, 4).
6. Lion sound (4).
7. Stop Press. Treat unusually when leading saint is banished (7).
8. Strike for admittance to higher position will exhaust (4, 2).
9. One cow's dole (anag.) (7, 4).
10. To prepare for publication see in it a proclamation (5).
11. Took a seaman will always return (10).
12. The score being incomplete did the beginning and end show lack of harmony? (7).
13. New make-up to hit the first lady's stealers (7).
14. Charge with crime when I say I'm a trait (7).
15. There are no tails if you're not sharp. This is not far fetched (7).
16. Separatist city in Nevada (4).
17. An adept who does upset (7) down (4).
18. Scientific wheel (3).



19. Charge with crime when I say I'm a trait (7).
20. There are no tails if you're not sharp. This is not far fetched (7).
21. Separatist city in Nevada (4).
22. An adept who does upset (7) down (4).
23. Scientific wheel (3).



LINDSAY PARKER, who devises the crossword puzzles which will be a weekly feature of The Australian Women's Weekly.

SEND MORE PARCELS

THE lifting of bread and flour rationing in Britain is the merest token relief of the food scarcity there and will do little to enrich pantry shelves that are almost bare of such vital essentials as fat, sugar, and meat.

It should serve only as a reminder to Australians of the continuing need to send food to Britain.

If affection and admiration for the British people did not prompt generosity in this matter, cold logic could be the spur.

The British people at this time are being urged to prodigious efforts of production to help restore the country's financial health.

Australia's future is involved in their success or failure. They cannot work on empty stomachs any more than an army can march that way.

The brief northern summer will soon be over and the workers of England will be facing the long cold winter. Australians have just had a taste of what a particularly cold season can be, yet it is mild compared with Britain's.

Parcels posted now will bring comfort just when it is most needed, and it is not too much to say that a continuous flow of gift food could be the factor to make possible the increased production needed.

Now, therefore, is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the old country; to dip as deep as possible into their pockets and send portions of the local plenty where it is so badly needed.



"It started out as a good deed, but it's developed into steady employment for the winter!"

WORTH Reporting

RUMOR is adding yet another name to the list of possible husbands for Princess Margaret. This time it is that of Prince Baudouin, heir to the throne of Belgium.

A visit to England has been planned for him, and it is expected that he will spend part of his English holiday with the King and Queen at Balmoral when they return there in the late summer.

The Prince, who is tall, dark, and slender, with straight features and large brown eyes, inherits good looks from both his Scandinavian mother and his father, who was always considered quite the most handsome of Europe's monarchs.

He will be 18 in September, and will probably celebrate his birthday at Balmoral.

Having been educated in Switzerland, where the school curriculum makes a great feature of languages, Prince Baudouin speaks French, German, and Italian fluently, and has a working knowledge of English and Spanish.

Recently there have been discussions about the Prince's return to Belgium, but so far no decision has been reached. He has been in exile with his father since the liberation.

People who knew Prince Baudouin well as a small boy say that he was a charming child, clever and cheerful, with delightful manners, a grand smile, and tremendous enthusiasm for all outdoor pursuits.

The friends he has made in Switzerland say that these days he is old for his years and rather serious-minded. He is very keen on walking and climbing, and is the possessor of a dry and caustic humor unusual in one so young.

At the Ideal Homes Exhibition at Olympia, in Britain, a caterer's cooker was shown. The cooker, when demonstrated, fulfilled claims made for it, which were that food could be roasted, boiled, stewed, steamed, and fried in it, that it would make toast, jam, and marmalade, bottle fruit, and bake cakes.

Remembered Red Cross

WHEN the Red Cross made an appeal for clothing for victims of the recent New South Wales floods there was an excellent response. Among the donations was £1 and a parcel of clothes from a woman who was a prisoner of the Japanese during the war.

She wrote: "Please accept this small gift for the flood victims to show you my gratitude. I am sorry I am not able to give more."

"I was for three years a prisoner of war of the Japanese in the Netherlands East Indies, and came to Australia two years ago without anything, my daughter even without a whole shoe."

"First thing when we arrived in Fremantle we were very heartily welcomed by the ladies of the Red Cross, given a nice cup of tea in a cosy room at their Perth office. My daughter was given a nice, new, good pair of shoes, and each of us a skirt and jumper."

"We were brought by a Red Cross lady to the airfield, where we left for Melbourne, and there we had the same warm and kind guidance to the train for Sydney, after being given two hand-knitted blankets which are still serving me very well."

"Everything was done in such a nice way that I could easily accept it, and I am only sorry that I cannot do more for the Red Cross, which does such a wonderful job for needy people."



"Have you one of those Terribly Morbid Books? It's for my husband's birthday."

Magistrate looks back

AT his neat Balgownie home, overlooking Middle Harbor, in Sydney, we had a talk with Mr. R. C. Atkinson, Spendiary Magistrate, who has retired after 50 years of public service.

Before his retirement Mr. Atkinson was working in the Special Federal Court, but the part of his life as a magistrate that he best likes to recall is the years that he spent working from Broken Hill to the borders of Queensland and Victoria.

"You've got to know more than the law outback," he told us. "You've got to know the land, know something of bushcraft—and be able to repair a car, too."

Not that Mr. Atkinson claims a knowledge of the real outback, for that, he has found, is a legendary place always a little farther on.

"I remember," he said, "I was in a township 82 miles from Bourke once. Everything was dry and desolate, and dogs were scratching themselves in the main street. I saw a chap leaning against a post."

"Pretty bad here," I said. "Yair, he admitted, but cripes, you ought to see it outback."

And once he called at a station out from Broken Hill. He said to the manager, "I see you haven't got a wireless." "Wireless!" said the manager. "We're on the track Wirelesses are for the fellows outback."

One of the witnesses he remembers best from those days was a station hand called Clancy. He came from a station called The Overflow. But he had never heard of Paterson's poem.

Food for ex-prisoners

THE Council of Eighth Division and Service Associates has started a fund in aid of the Returned British Prisoners of War Food Parcel Appeal.

Mr. Adrian Curlewis is honorary organiser.

Dr. Roley Richards, who is one of the assistant organisers, told us:

"British ex-prisoners of war don't receive extra rations. Many of them still suffer from beri beri, pellagra, and from effects of starvation."

"Our council, which represents all Far East ex-prisoners, is going to send parcels, including proteins, fats, and foods containing Vitamin B complex."

"Parcels will be purchased and packed in bulk, and can be sent for 10/- each."

Each parcel will include a note which reads: "Recalling the fellowship established in days of common hardship, Australian ex-prisoners of war, their relatives and friends ask you to share what they wholeheartedly send you through the generosity of (the sender's name and address)."

Donations should be sent to Box 3388, G.P.O., Sydney.

Girls' military band

SOUTH AUSTRALIA has organised the first girls' military band in the Commonwealth.

"In fact, it may be the first in the world. We have not heard of any others," said Mr. Harry Green, Director of the Adelaide College of Music, which is sponsoring the band.

Sixty performers will be engaged for the band, and later a uniform will be chosen.

The conductor is Mr. Reg Newman A.R.C.M., formerly bandmaster of His Majesty's Own Third Hussars, who arrived in Australia early this year.

He was trained at the famous Kneller Hall, at Twickenham, which was established in 1857 as a college for bandmasters and taken over in 1887 for the same purpose by the British Army.

Besides his two years' training period Mr. Newman was at Kneller Hall for a further five years, and was secretary to Colonel H. E. Adkins, Mus.Doc., who came to Australia some years ago at the invitation of the A.B.C. on a conducting tour of the Commonwealth.

This new venture is only the third military band in Australia. Others are Stephen Yorke's A.B.C. Military Band and the Adelaide College of Music Boys' Military Band.

Although the first military band in England is generally accepted as being that of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, established in 1763, military bands are not necessarily connected with the Army now. They still have the designation, but this is because of their type—wood wind and brass—rather than their function. The 1763 military band was the first combination of brass and wood wind instruments.

It is believed that the first British Army brass band was established during the Crusades, and was copied from the Saracens, who went into battle to the accompaniment of trumpets, clarions, horns, pipes, drums, and cymbals.

Argentine ants

PERTH is looking for a Pied Piper to rid the city of Argentine ants which are an increasing problem in Western Australia.

Meanwhile all other methods are being used in an effort to combat the pests, and householders have received circulars giving advice.

Mr. W. W. Abbott, chairman of the Perth Roads Board, who has been a driving force in efforts towards eradication, told us: "If the Argentine ant is not nipped in the bud, right now the metropolitan area of Perth will soon become untenable."

He has learned of some extraordinary cases. One man declared that his house was swarming with the ants, and that he would soon have to leave. They were in the mattresses, crawling up the walls, and in food.

An Inglewood householder reported that they had attacked his canaries.

The Argentine ant, which has also been found in Victoria, is believed to have reached Australia from overseas in cargo vessels. It is a coppery-brown ant, the size of the black house ant.

Government entomologist in Western Australia, Mr. C. F. H. Jenkins, says that the ants are omnivorous in their taste, attacking sweets or meat bones with equal readiness, and have a persistence unequalled by any other species.

Their colonising ability is so great that other ant species often find it impossible to survive where the Argentine ant is well established.

Householders have been advised to see that no crumbs or particles of food are left about. The nests may be fumigated by pouring in two tablespoons of carbon bisulphide and 4 per cent. D.D.T. powder.

This mixture may also be sprayed on window-sills and in cracks. There is also a proprietary line sold to destroy the ants.

IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

EVER since my holidays I have been fighting an uphill battle in the study of botany, a subject of which I knew absolutely nothing before.

With great enthusiasm and the best part of two pounds I acquired Thistle Harris' admirable "Wild Flowers of Australia" and Gladys Carey's "Botany By Observation," the latter a textbook for students.

Two things, however, have gradually dimmed my enthusiasm. One is that flora, except in florists' shops, is practically non-existent at King's Cross, and the other that it is almost impossible to strike up a lively conversation at cocktail parties about xerophytes and sclerophylls.

One of my friends, thinking to revive my flagging interest, brought me one of her old school textbooks to the office.

Out of the book fell a newspaper cutting of the late nineteenth-century containing an advertisement for frocks and hats.

"What do you know!" we all exclaimed, grabbing the cutting and discarding the book "Imagine, a hat for 8/11!"

Alas for botany!

ASTRONOMY professor at the University of Chicago, Dr. Gerald P. Kuiper, says that the sixth of Saturn's satellites, Titan, has a thin atmosphere of methane gas, essentially the same gas used for cooking and lighting.

Well, don't just tell us about it. Do something!

TELEVISION looks like becoming a reality in Australia soon.

I suppose it's a rather reactionary attitude, but I am never ecstatic over these milestones of progress.

Doubtless our speedy, modern communications have lots of advantages. Where people used to shake their heads and say the country was going to the dogs, they can now say, with justification, that the world is going to the dogs.

They can read and hear the news from all over the world as soon as it has happened—and with television some day they'll be able to see it.

This may strike you as fine and dandy—but not me. The world was probably always in a frightful, seething state, the difference being that everyone didn't know about it.

If they were lucky enough to be in some quiet corner they didn't hear till months afterwards, if ever, about the stern notes, coups, tensions, deteriorating situations, and battles going on somewhere else.

No news was definitely good news.

THE beer supply in Britain now exceeds demand. This is because the tax on beer (10d. a pint, compared with a ha'penny in 1914) has put the price up to 1/6 a pint.

Killing the booze that lays the golden eggs.

A SUGGESTION that a Housewives' Trade Union be formed was made by a member of the N.S.W. Housewives' Association. If it were adopted future proposals of marriage might take this form:

I can offer you over award
If you take the job, my dear,
It includes, of course, free board
For a fair day's work from the fair.

The hours and conditions are fine,
So please say yes, my honey,
And besides, if I make you mtne,
I'll pay you appearance money.



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht *Argos* is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to the Land of the Giants, where their yacht is seen by **THE COLOSSUS:** Unbelievably huge giant of

the island. Intrigued by this new object, he calls to his wife, and the two enormous figures pick up the *Argos* and start for the shore. On the deck of the *Argos* they are stunned. Barton wants to fire at the giant, but Mandrake laughs at the idea. At last the yacht comes to rest, and the child of the Colossus is shown her new toy. **NOW READ ON:**



THE COLOSSUS AND HIS CHILD EXAMINE THE PRIZE, AND THE "LITTLE" GIRL CLAPS HER HANDS TOGETHER WITH DELIGHT AT THE SIGHT OF THE TINY FIGURES ABOARD. HER CLAPPING SOUNDS LIKE A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS.



THE CHILD REACHES TOWARDS BETTY THE FATHER GENTLY SLAPS HER HAND AWAY, AS IF TO SAY, "CAREFUL, IT MIGHT BITE."



THEN, AS THE GIANT HAND REACHES FOR BETTY LOTTHAR RUSHES AT IT—THE GIANT FLICKS HIM AWAY—MUCH AS YOU MIGHT FLICK A FLY OFF YOUR ARM.



TERRIFIED, BARTON STARES! "THEY'RE GOING TO EAT HER!" HE CRIES! "MANDRAKE, DO SOMETHING!"—BUT MANDRAKE, WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING THE HUGE FACES OF THE COLOSSUS, ONLY TOUCHES BARTON'S ARM TO CALM HIM.



THE CHILD GIANT ONLY WANTS TO KISS HER, AS SHE WOULD KISS A TINY NEW DOLL!



"I DON'T THINK THEY'LL HURT BETTY," SAYS MANDRAKE. "THEY SEEM GENTLE AND FRIENDLY."—"THEY MIGHT CRUSH HER AT ANY MOMENT, IN THOSE HUGE HANDS," SHOUTS BARTON.

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

★ ★ The Paradine Case

CERTAIN film directors give their work what might be called a hall-mark of value. One of the leaders in this select company is rotund Alfred Hitchcock.

A long string of his past successes now is continued with the drama "The Paradine Case," which Hitchcock directed for producer David O. Selznick. It is at the State.

Allegedly a mystery drama, there isn't much mystery to it, but there is a persistent tenseness which reaches its climax during the murder trial staged at London's Old Bailey.

It's a little unusual to find that the star credits are given to six people—Gregory Peck, Ann Todd, Charles Laughton, Ethel Barrymore, Valli, and Louis Jourdan.

A successful and happily married barrister's growing infatuation for his beautiful client, who is accused of murdering her elderly blind husband in order to continue a liaison with a French employee, is the basis of the story.

At times I felt that Gregory Peck was too restrained as barrister Anthony Keane, and wished he would give out a little more warmth.

The really startling beauty of Valli is given expert photographic reproduction, which is not always so generous to blonde Ann Todd as Peck's wife.

Handsome Louis Jourdan has talent and sincerity. The flourish which Charles Laughton gives to his role of the titled, madistic judge is exactly what I expected from him. Watch for Leo Carroll's fine acting as the prosecuting counsel.

Audiences who like more action than talk may find "The Paradine Case" too static, but no one will deny that the whole thing is a clever piece of craftsmanship.

★ ★ The Emperor Waltz

INDIVIDUAL producers or partners who are famous for a certain type of output rarely get the chance to make a complete change.

The Hollywood partnership of Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, which has turned out Academy Award winning dramas such as the famous "Lost Weekend," has been given the opportunity to experiment.

Now they prove they can provide frothily light film comedy in the technicolor Paramount musical, "The Emperor Waltz," starring Bing Crosby and Joan Fontaine at the Prince Edward.

The boys give us fair warning that there isn't one serious line in it.

Could anyone accept comfortable, middle-aged Bing as a dashing hero, and the successful contender for the hand of beautiful Joan Fontaine amid the glances of a Viennese court and the Tyrolean mountains?

This ridiculous but highly entertaining bit of fantasy is accompanied by a romance between Bing's mongrel dog, Buttons, and Joan's temperamental black French poodle, Scheherazade.

Surely the scene to end all psychiatry scenes is the one in which Joan's dog is psychoanalyzed by the Viennese Court physician who has discovered Freud.

I viewed this sequence with the utmost relish.

For a bit of first-class character work, I commend Richard Haydn, who throws aside the mannered style of some of his recent jobs and becomes Emperor Franz Joseph (with chronic hayfever) to the last white whisker. In contrast, Roland Culver's middle-aged Count is a stereotyped portrayal.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 188-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Page 19

The Australian Women's Weekly—August 7, 1948

Th-th-thrills!!! For thrilling, entertaining reading, you mustn't miss Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine. 1/- a month.

TO BE CONTINUED



IN THE MURRAY VALLEY, a land cruiser booms along beside the great river.



TOUGH GOING over the Altunga Gorge track in Central Australia, en route to Darwin.

Cupid active on Australia's tourist coaches

Motor trips through outback attract thousands weekly

By JAMES W. MORRIS

Every week 7000 people — more than 5000 of them women — travel Australia's highways by motor coach.

Four main companies run 100 streamlined land cruisers a week on a network of roads all over the Commonwealth, with first-class hotel accommodation or a picturesque camp for the tourists at the end of each day's journey.

THE companies call the land cruiser the "Chaperon On Wheels" — because one of the first duties of coach captain and hostess is to look after the women passengers, young and old, who form 80 per cent. of the travellers.

But so many romances have started on the tours that the land cruiser might also be called "Cupid On Wheels."

The Central Australia tour claims the record with a true-love match on every trip.

Charlie Bond, the proprietor, says: "People get to know each other when on this trip, and tour courtships generally turn out very happy marriages."

Brian Murphy, coach captain, is proud of the fact that he was responsible for two successful courtships.

Ruth James, of Adelaide, and Roy Burnett, of Brisbane, met on the Sydney-Melbourne run, and are now happily married.

Paddy Flynn and Harry Frey, both captains in the Murray Valley coaches, have helped in many courtships, and Val Fenton, hostess, is very proud of six happy courtships and marriages from her coaches.

Len Bushby, Murray Valley captain from Swan Hill, has "hooked up" at least three couples.

Evonne Barton and her husband Harry often write after two years of happy married life in Tasmania. They've told Len the baby will be named after him.

The four major companies operating these tourist services are: Pioneer Tours, Murray Valley Coaches, Bond's Tours, and Palmers, and their routes are interstate and Commonwealth wide.

Informed coach captains and hostesses provide literature and refreshments, help mothers with their children, check luggage, and attend to the hundred and one jobs found when people start to travel.

I have travelled more than 7000 miles by land cruiser, enjoying every mile as we sped over the country-side.

The fares are reasonable. Sydney to Darwin and return, through the beautiful Murray Valley and Pacific Highway, costs only £103 for the 37-day journey.

Sydney to Adelaide on an eight-day tour costs £15/15/- for the 1100-mile trip.

The 14-day tour into Central Australia is one of the most expertly organised in the world, giving to the tourist magnificent scenes and a pleasant spell under canvas.

The luxurious coach draws a trailer in which are mosquito-proof tents, bedding, food, cooking utensils, and the most important item of all — water (only bore water would be available otherwise).

Two-way wireless enables the coach to keep in touch with Adelaide or the nearest community so that help can be called for a breakdown or other emergency.

Selection of the overnight camp site is left to the discretion of the coach captain, who, with his wide experience of the route, selects a spot most suitable for comfort and scenery.

Women are sometimes thoughtless with luggage. On one trip I was the only male besides the captain, and I helped him load and unload. Each woman had about four cases!

Coach captains and hostesses work rosters for each trip. On short trips they have one day off for two days worked, and after eight-day trips they receive four days off, the companies in all cases supplying amenities in overnight depots.

Coach crews seem to love their jobs, and often keep their passengers laughing by indulging in quick repartee over the intercommunication system.

Canberra is one spot they delight in having a "crack" at. They say: "Welcome to the biggest gas-station in the Commonwealth."

Jack Binns, coach captain, told me on the Melbourne run one day that he got a "kick" out of telling his passengers of historical events during the run through the Murray Valley.

On this trip one of the crew's many tasks is carrying the mail.

Doing this, they feel they are playing a most important part in helping the people of the outback to keep in touch with the larger cities and towns.

Hotel proprietors along the route



ICE-CREAM is distributed by coach captain, Ted Gerke, to passengers, left to right: Misses Dorothy Mountain (Heidelberg, Vic.), Ethel Wauless (Adelaide), Mrs. Guenda Munyard (Como, W.A.), Miss Olga Meters (Kingaroy, Qld.).

co-operate with this new branch of tourist traffic.

Mr. Clarke, of the Hotel Wellington, Canberra, and Miss N. Miller, manageress of the Hotel Murray, Mildura, both told me they consider the modern land cruiser is playing an important part in enabling tourists to see the inland towns and cities of Australia in a short space of time.

Mrs. Mildred O'Brien, Riverina Hotel, Holbrook, and Mr. Walter Fowler, Hotel Wynyard, Tumut, each cater for 150 tourists a week.

Mr. Sundstrom, of the Grand Hotel, Goulburn, N.S.W., caters for 273 passengers weekly.

The companies are extending their activities. One company has purchased the historic paddle-steamer "Murrumbidgee" and is running

River Murray trips for its coach passengers from Echuca, Victoria.

Another company has inaugurated island cruises at the Great Barrier Reef to link up with its land-cruiser passengers. It will operate from the Queensland coast.

Behind the smooth running of the tours lies an efficient organisation which enables the wheels of the coaches to be kept turning.

Inspectors, mechanics, and office staff keep an efficient check on all vehicles.

Coaches are maintained on an aircraft basis, and at the completion of allotted hours on the road checks are carried out. When mileage has reached 10,000 the coaches are completely stripped and rebuilt.

Drivers, hostesses, and coach captains undergo strict training be-



HOSTESS, Josie Cincotta, of Mildura, in her smart Murray Valley Coach uniform.

fore they are put in charge of passengers.

One company gives every applicant an intensive six weeks' course before he is allowed to take charge of a vehicle.

One of the things the captains and hostesses learn is diplomacy.

One captain told me: "My most trying trip was one from Swan Hill to Mildura, when a woman passenger would persist in reciting her poems, which annoyed the coach complement."

"I asked her to refrain, and she became hostile, and through the 80-mile desert trip she sat on the step of the coach tongue-banging me for hours on end."

Another said: "A male passenger persisted in smoking a foul-smelling pipe which was making the ladies sick. I told him to stop smoking his pipe and smoke cigarettes. He refused, so the pipe was smuggled out of the coach."

"That man abused me throughout the 200-mile trip to Melbourne."

Ossie Clee, a coach captain who has driven more than a million accident-free miles, told me that on one trip a woman passenger sitting three seats from the front would tap him on the head with her umbrella to draw his attention to things of interest along the road.

Testimonials received by the companies are entertaining.

One said: "I am eating like a horse and sleeping like a tree. If I was any better my family couldn't stand it."

Another woman passenger wrote: "Before taking your tour I was so weak that a kitten could walk up and knock me over. Now I am so tough my husband won't sit next to me at the Stadium."

One charming matron walked into a coach company's office in Martin Place, Sydney, and inquired if the company would transport all luggage. When the answer was in the affirmative she said that her horse would be sent down next day.

The company had great trouble in explaining that horses were not regarded as luggage.



WIGWAM TENTS provide comfortable overnight camp for land-cruiser passengers in MacDonnell Ranges.

TEST YOUR FASHION SKILL — £100 PRIZE

Can you pick which of these hats were made in Paris and which were made in Sydney?

★ Four of these hats are originals selected in Paris by our fashion editor, Mrs. Mary Hordern, for our Paris Fashion Parades, and were created by Schiaparelli, Legroux Soeurs, Simone Cange, Rose Valois. The other four are copies made by Stoddart's Pty. Ltd., Sydney. To call attention to the high standard of Australian workmanship, Stoddart's are offering a cash prize of £100 in this unique fashion competition. These and other replicas of our Paris models will be on sale at leading retail stores in New South Wales. Stoddart's hats carry the label "Juliane."



ALL you have to do in the competition is to fill in the coupon below, marking against each number either **PARIS** or **SYDNEY**, according to your opinion of where the hat was made. Write your name and address clearly.

Address you envelope: Paris Hat Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

The competition closes on August 12 at 10 a.m.

All envelopes will be held and mixed together to give entries from all States an equal chance to be first opened. The prize will go to the reader who sends the first correct solution opened.

The prize-winner will be announced in our issue of August 28.

The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Hat Competition.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

Sent in by—

Name
(in block letters)

Address

BLANCHE was cold and hard and crooked, but even so she was married to him and Kurt felt a need for his wife then. That meant a lot to him right then, more than even he wanted to admit. They might have a chance together; she might even double-cross Steve Carroll as she had him. She might—

He lifted the receiver and dialled the number of his apartment, wondering what he would do if a policeman answered.

He heard the telephone buzz in his apartment. Brrrrrr, a silence, and then brrrrrr. His hand was shaking with tension and his breathing was abnormally audible in the cramped booth.

"Answer—somebody answer!" he thought, then at last he heard Blanche's voice. It was breathless, hard, and somehow frightened at the same time. "Hello," she said. "Hello—who's there?"

Kurt didn't answer. He pronged the receiver, leaning against the side of the booth, shaking with reaction. At least, Blanche was safe; the police hadn't moved in as yet.

Kurt left the booth and rode up in the elevator to his apartment. As he stepped through the front door, the dance music coming through the radio sounded abnormally loud to his taut nerves. Through the hall arch he could see directly into the bedroom. Blanche's cases were there, partly packed, and along the edge of the bed he

could see Blanche's scarlet dressing-gown trailing carelessly. He stepped through the arch. "Blanche?" he said softly.

Jim Halstead hung up the receiver, seeing nothing but blankness before his eyes, thoughts whirling in a maelstrom of emotion. Alma had been stubborn, foolishly stubborn, and the knowledge pained him as nothing physical could.

For years he had known Steve Carroll for the man he was. But Alma had never been able to see through the man's shallow pretences; she had loved him once, and that for her was reason enough for her misplaced loyalty now.

He lit a cigarette, wondering what could be done now. Steve Carroll was free, lost in the city. Steve had three courses he could follow: He could try to escape again, even though all exits would be patrolled. Or he could return to Alma, counting on her aid to hide him. Or again, he could find sanctuary with that other woman whoever she might be.

His return to Alma would be the most logical thing to do, for Jim knew him to be a coward, needing support.

And if he did return, then she would be hurt again.

Jim swore deeply, viciously. He had taken a lot from the man, through Alma. He had watched the

smile go from her eyes; and because he had no right to speak, he had remained silent. That had been the hardest thing to endure, watching and listening and yet remaining silent.

And now Steve Carroll had overstepped himself. He had robbed the company for which he worked, and Alma would have to share the blame.

She would take no help; distorted loyalty blinding her to what must be done, she was prepared to have the rest of her life ruined by a man who would be better dead.

The cigarette stopped midway to Jim Halstead's lips. His eyes, ordinarily amused with the world, were suddenly grim. A thought had come, and he nurtured it gently.

Presently he limped to the bedroom, opened a drawer, and rummaged beneath a layer of clean shirts, finally drawing out a flat leather box.

There were two medals there, ribbons bright above the gold. Jim pushed them aside, paper rustling as his fingers touched the citations and discharge. Then the .45 was weighty in his hand, and he was slipping the clip free. Five shells. Enough, and to spare.

His face set and grim, he went down to the street, hailed a taxi, and gave the address. The driver nodded indifferently and toiled the cab into the traffic. People laughed or walked or talked on the walks; cars wheeled by, their headlights

old friends to those who have seen the film, "Centennial Summer."

If you'd like Omnibook delivered by the postman each month, clip out the coupon below. Each issue will contain four fine novels. In all cases the abridgment is made personally by the author.

CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED,

Box 4018, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Gentlemen—Please mail to the below address:

One copy THE AUSTRALIAN OMNIBOOK MAGAZINE each month for the next six months at cost of 6/-.

One copy THE AUSTRALIAN OMNIBOOK MAGAZINE each month for the next twelve months at cost of 12/-.

I enclose Postal Notes to the value of

Name (Block Letters)

Full Postal Address

Subscription to commence with the ISSUE

Four fine novels in Omnibook

A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH Club selection and winner of the MGM Award, Ross Lockridge Jr.'s "Raintree County" is one of the four novels included in The Australian Omnibook for August.

In "A President is Many Men," former newspaper man, and for the past seven years White House correspondent, Merriman Smith turns a searchlight upon the White House and some of the U.S. Presidents who have occupied it.

Third novel in this issue is Elliot Paul's nostalgic account of his early boyhood, "Linden on the Saugus Branch."

In this the author of "The Last Time I Saw Paris" goes back to the small town he lived in at the beginning of the century.

Continuing . . . Time To Kill

from page 5

swords clearing the way ahead; but Jim Halstead saw none of it, intent on his bleak thoughts, conscious of the ugly weight in his side pocket.

The minutes passed, and still he brooded. The driver spoke twice before he realised his destination had been reached. He paid with a single bill, waving away the change.

Then he went towards the house, his hand about the butt of the gun in his pocket, determination cold and unwavering in his mind.

He went up the short walk, his good foot bracing to lift his lame leg to the first step. He was like that when the shadow moved within another shadow beside the doorway. He had but a glimpse of the man who stepped to his back. And then a gun was hard against his side.

"I've been waiting for you," the man said.

Kurt mopped at his face, avoiding the sight of the figure on the couch. "Let's go over it again," the detective prodded. "Don't leave out anything."

Some comedian was just winding up his radio programme, and the jokes were strange and odd in the room where Blanche lay dead, grotesquely murdered, on the couch.

"I heard the news about Steve Carroll last night," Kurt said, shakily. "I called, but got no answer. I knew Steve was friendly with Blanche, so I thought she might be involved. I drove back to town, getting in just a few minutes before I telephoned you."

"I came directly to the apartment. The radio was playing; and just as I entered, Steve whirled from in front of the couch, knocked me down, and then made his escape. Blanche was dead. I telephoned you. That's all."

"You recognised Carroll?" the detective said, and made a slight notation in his book.

"Yes," Kurt replied, nodding. "I couldn't be mistaken; I've seen him too often. He had the gun in his hand, and his eyes were wild. He swore and knocked me down before I could make a move."

"All right!" the detective said.

Jim Halstead stood at gun-point and watched the incredulity in Alma Carroll's eyes.

"I found him coming in," the plain-clothes man said. "He had this gun on him, and I thought he was Carroll."

NO! Alma said, and her gaze never left Jim Halstead's set features. "He's Jim Halstead."

"Then why the gun?" the detective said. "There's a law against that, you know."

Jim Halstead shook his head. The radio was too loud, he thought; it blared. And yet the others didn't seem to mind.

"Protection," he said. "I meant to protect Mrs. Carroll; I know what Steve is like."

"Jim—you couldn't"—Alma Carroll touched her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Couldn't what, Mrs. Carroll?" the plain-clothes man said.

Jim Halstead saw the knowledge come to Alma's eyes; she knew now what he had planned, and the knowledge was blinding in its revelations.

"Yes, Alma," he said gently. "Even that!"

"Oh, dear heaven!" Alma whispered brokenly.

She knew then how wrong she had been. And because there was nothing she could do, she felt defeated and alone. For her, Jim Halstead would have wrecked his life. For her, Steve Carroll meant only shame and misery. And because she had been blind she had almost permitted something to happen which never should have been.

She knew now what must be done. And yet, because of Steve—

And just then the announcer's voice came with the latest news flash . . .

"Well, another man who thought he could beat Society found out that he couldn't. Steve Carroll, under indictment for embezzlement, was found beneath the overhang of a train platform at Central Station. He was dead, apparently having died there after making his escape from an arresting officer. The officer fired five shots. Like a wounded animal, Carroll tried to hide, and died in his hide-away. No trace of the embezzled funds has been found. I wonder sometimes . . ."

"I'm fed up, Joe," the announcer said wearily to the sound man. "Talk, talk, talk, and half the people who listen in don't give a hoot. Who cares about this Carroll and his dough, except the ones he stole it from! Not me, not you . . . Let's have a drink!"

"Yeah!" Joe said. "Be right with you." He closed a switch.

(Copyright)

"Did YOUR Mummy use PEARS SOAP too?"

SO SILKY-SOFT was Grandpa's hair . . . so healthy a glow upon his cheeks, no wonder they made Susie Jane think of Mummy and Pears . . . Clear, fresh skin and Pears Soap go together in Susie's mind — like bedtimes and stories, strawberries and cream, sixpence and Saturdays.

AND THAT'S JUST WHAT GRANDPA'S MUMMY DID USE! Boys were no different in those days . . . they still needed extra scrubbing around dirty necks and ears. With Pears they don't mind—it's so mild, fresh and wholesome they even like it, you'll find.

WHEN GRANDPA brought home the bride of his dreams she was a sweet laughing girl, with ringlets of gold, whose radiant skin showed that she, too, knew the secret of Pears.

so pure you can look right into the heart of each amber tablet.

FROM GENERATION to generation there's a story of beauty, health and Pears. And who is better proof of this than little Susie Jane? How proud Grandpa is to hear people say: "What a pretty child!" "What a lovely healthy skin!" Pure mild Pears is the one soap your whole family will love to use.



WHAT KIND OF HEADACHE DO YOU GET?

3 stages of a "NERVY" headache



1 PAIN SYMPTOMS

The pain bears down from the top of the head... or feels like a tight band round the head. It is usually worse in the morning. There's no need to put up with "nervy" headache! While your doctor finds out the cause you can get quick relief. Take just TWO Anacin tablets...



2 AMAZING SPEED

Anacin quickly soothes those irritated nerves. The pain becomes less and less... throbbing dies away because every Anacin tablet is a combination of four medically proven agents. Four ingredients—and it's the action of an extra ingredient that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter. Anacin is actually cheaper in the long run too, because two Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders or tablets.



3 HEADACHE GONE

Quick blessed relief. That's what you get from Anacin. Quick and safe relief—with no after effects. So change to Anacin. Sold at all chemists in packets of 12, tins of 30, bottles of 50 and 100.



ANACIN
REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

2 bring FASTER relief from headaches and pain **CHANGE NOW**

TOOTH TALK CAUSES TRAGEDY!

DO YOU KNOW?

THE AGCHEHESE (SUMATRA) BELIEVED MENTION OF TOOTH-DRAWING IN THE EVENING WOULD CAUSE TRAGEDY! GUARD AGAINST THE TRAGEDY OF DECAY—USE KOLYNOS TWICE DAILY. ACTIVE KOLYNOS BUBBLES CLEAN OUT HIDDEN SPOTS PERFECTLY. LEAVE TEETH ANTISEPTICALLY CLEAN.

VERY FISHY CURE!

AN OLD IRISH CURE WAS TO CARRY THE A HADDOCK IN THE FOR TOOTHACHE JAWBONES OF POCKET!

KOLYNOS

DENTAL CREAM

KOLYNOS SAVINES FOR ECONOMY!

BAD TEETH CAUSE MALNUTRITION!

DECAYED AND MISSING TEETH PREVENT PROPER CHEWING—CAUSE DIGESTIVE DISORDERS LEADING TO MALNUTRITION. GUARD YOUR TEETH AND GUARD YOUR HEALTH WITH ANTISEPTIC KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS ACTIVELY REMOVES HIDDEN FOOD DEPOSITS—CHECKS DECAY GERMS!

KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE BECAUSE ITS HIGHLY CONCENTRATED. REMEMBER HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY!



NIECE OF DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, Eileen Phipps, is lovely bride at her London wedding with Philip Parbury, of Sydney. Bride and groom leaving Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, after the ceremony. Future home will be at Port Kembla, N.S.W.



GUESTS at the Parbury-Phipps wedding. From left: Miss Iole Price; Mrs. Ewerard Baillieu, of Melbourne; Mrs. Gregory Blairland, of Sydney; Mrs. William Crossing, of Sydney; and her daughter, Mrs. Michael Hawkins, wife of Major Hawkins, A.D.C. to the Duke of Gloucester when he was in Australia.



TO BE MARRIED IN SEPTEMBER. Julia MacAlpine and fiancé, Jack Gleeson, who recently announced engagement and plan September wedding. Julia who is only child of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. MacAlpine, of Darling Point, wears five-stone diamond engagement ring set in gold. Jack is eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Gleeson, of Rockhampton, Queensland.



VISITORS FROM THE WEST. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Contello, of Dalkeith, Kardinia, Western Australia, pay visit to Sydney, and make Australia Hotel their headquarters during round of parties.

Intimate Gossipings

WITH the wattle on the bough and Spring officially declared, romance seems to be in the air and I hear news of several interesting weddings scheduled to take place within the next few weeks.

Interstate interest in wedding this Wednesday at Christ Church, South Yarra, of Helen Lyall and Iven Mackay, son of Lieut.-General Sir Iven Mackay, former Australian High Commissioner to India, and Lady Mackay.

Iven's sister Allison attends attractive bride, and Jim Cohen flies from Sydney to be best man.

Sir Iven's sisters, the Misses Emily and Helen Mackay, and Lady Mackay's sister, Mrs. Muriel Mackay, and Dr. and Mrs. James Shulton leave Sydney to attend ceremony. Reception afterwards given by bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Lyall, at Cliveden Mansions, East Melbourne. About 100 guests entertained.

Helen and Iven will be settling in a flat in Burwood Road, Hawthorn, shortly.



WED AT ST. MICHAEL'S. Laurie Le Guay and his bride, formerly Ann Price-Jones, leave St. Michael's, Vaucluse, after marriage. Ann wears ballerina-length wedding gown made from her grandmother's wedding dress, and her mother's Limerick-lace wedding veil. Ann is daughter of Mrs. Melville Price-Jones, of Banksia, Double Bay.



CELEBRATION LUNCHEON. Nance Connolly (left), who announces engagement to Bill Corlis, of Randanora, Capertee, lunches at Prince's with Mrs. Geoff King, Mrs. Denzell Macarthur Onslow, and Mrs. Pat Martin. Nance is only daughter of Mrs. Alice Connolly, of Rose Bay, and of the late Mr. J. V. Connolly.

SYDNEY friends of Mrs. Judy MacLeod are delighted to hear the news of her forthcoming marriage in America with Stuart Phelps Dodge, jun. Judy, who is the widow of Douglas MacLeod, is the elder daughter of the John Dixons, of Bellevue Hill.

Judy left Sydney last February with her sister-in-law and her husband, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Cogswell, and has been staying with them in Colorado Springs. In letters to her parents Judy tells them quiet wedding is planned early in September, and then she and Stuart will leave immediately by Pan-Air for trip to Australia.

ANOTHER wedding of interest in Colorado, U.S.A., is that of Juliette Palmer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Palmer, of Macquarie Street, Sydney, who married Herman Otterson, of Breckenridge, Colorado, on Sunday, July 11, at the Methodist Church, Breckenridge.

Juliette took her wedding dress of silver tinsel lame and her trousseau by Pan-Air. Couple spent honeymoon in New Mexico, and will make their home in Denver.

MEET charming ballerina Sally Gilmour when she pops over to Sydney from Melbourne for spot of trousseau shopping, and to officially open London Sainthill exhibition of paintings and drawings at Macquarie Galleries.

Sally's wedding to Dr. Allan Wynn, of Melbourne, has been postponed owing to the illness of his step-mother, but couple hope their wedding will take place some time this month, and all plans are going along with just the date to be named.

Another member of the Ballet Rambert, Margaret Scott, will be Sally's bridesmaid. Maggie, because of an injury to her back, had to remain in Sydney in St. Vincent's Hospital while the company went to New Zealand. She hopes to rejoin them when they return to Australia.

PRETTY Joan Allsop receiving felicitations on all sides on announcement of engagement to Dr. John Furber. Couple have celebration party at Prince's when the Roger Streets, Dr. and Mrs. John Allsop, Jennifer Street, Bunty Stephens, Dr. Tim Furber, and John Allen are present. Joan's parents, Dr. and Mrs. L. T. Allsop, have party at their home which has dual purpose, as Joan celebrates coming-of-age on same night. This Friday John's parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Furber, of Point Piper, give cocktail party for couple.

FAMILY dinner party at the Greg McGirr's at North Sydney to celebrate the homecoming of their daughter, Gwen, and her husband, Dr. Michael FitzPatrick, when they arrive in Sydney from London. Gwen, who met her husband while they were both studying at the Rotunda Hospital, Dublin, brought back presents for both her parents—a long-handled umbrella in royal-blue silk with a fine pale blue stripe in a stirrup for Mr. McGirr for his country home. The McGirr's will entertain in honor of their daughter and their son-in-law later in the month after their daughter Trixie is through her third-year Dental exams, at Sydney University.

DIARY DATES: Sydney Chamber of Commerce "Commerce" Ball, to be held this Tuesday at Trocadero. . . . Card afternoon to be held at David Jones' George Street Store in aid of St. Lucy's School for Blind and Partially Blind Children, Homebush, this Tuesday. . . . Gala matinee at Theatre Royal for Lute Drummond Testimonial this Thursday.



ENGAGED. Chip Denniston and Judy Sayers, who announce engagement, celebrate occasion at Prince's. Judy is youngest daughter of the George Sayers, Vaucluse.



LADLING THE FUNCH. Maret Champion ladles punch to her sister Ruti at Maret's 21st birthday party, held at Pickwick Club. Maret is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Champion, Bellevue Hill.

A "Health Giving" Quality

DELICIOUS IN TASTE



BY APPOINTMENT
OVALTINE MANUFACTURERS
TO H. M. THE KING



WORCESTER 1751-83
*A fine example of Porcelain
produced at the Worcester
Works during or about the time
of Dr. Wall's management.*

Upon the supreme quality and unrivalled nutritive properties of 'Ovaltine' millions of people rely for health and fitness.

The reason, of course, is in the wholesomeness of the ingredients that go to make 'Ovaltine' the perfect food beverage, to build up fitness of body, brain and nerves. It has all the goodness of the finest barley malt, full cream milk, and health-

giving eggs—three of nature's finest foods for satisfying the hidden hunger of the body.

'Ovaltine' also provides the essential vitamins A, B, and D together with carbohydrates, proteins, calcium, phosphorus, iron and maltose which help to build up ample reserves of energy and vitality. Drink delicious 'Ovaltine'—and note the difference.

At Chemists & Stores: 8 oz tins 2/6, 16 oz tins 4/6

OVALTINE

THE FOOD YOU DRINK FOR HEALTH AND STRENGTH



WARWICK 100

PRODUCT OF A. WANDER LTD., QUODIBA, DEVONPORT, TASMANIA

Much, MUCH more Relief for Children's COUGHS and COLDS



Because...

It works both
INSIDE and
OUTSIDE... for
hours and hours!



YOUR LITTLE ONE gets instant comfort when VapoRub is rubbed on the chest, throat and back at bedtime. Then, minute by minute, relief grows stronger, and Baby feels better and better, because...

OUTSIDE, on the body surface, VapoRub warms and stimulates like a soothing poultice, easing tightness and "drawing out" painful congestion. And at the same time...

INSIDE, with every breath, VapoRub's soothing medicinal vapours are carried direct to every sore nook and cranny of the troubled breathing passages.

Coughing soon stops...breathing becomes cool and clear...tightness and soreness are warmed away...often, by morning, the worst of the cold is over and Baby feels much better.

VICKS VAPORUB



Stuart Crystal

There is nothing to compare with the beauty of glass fashioned by English craftsmen, like the sparkling Trinket Set shown here. Each piece of Stuart Crystal is cut by hand, and bears the Stuart signature. Treat yourself and give your friends these heirlooms of the future.

Stuart and Sons Limited, Stourbridge, England.

Obtainable wherever beautiful glass is sold.



Evan Williams
GENUINE ENGLISH Shampoos

are available again in all grades, and brilliant too for all shades. At chemists, Hairdressers and Leading Stores. A GRADE FOR EVERY SHADE.



1 BETROTHAL of Manuela (Judy Garland) to Mayor (Walter Slezak) is arranged to suit finances of her guardians, though romantic Manuela hopes some day to meet the famous pirate Macoco.



2 SHOPPING TOUR takes Manuela and guardian (Gladys Cooper) to Port Sebastian, where Manuela wants to see city sights and buy trousseau.



3 FIRST MEETING between Manuela and strolling actor Serafin (Gene Kelly) results in invitation to see his show.

THE PIRATE

CURRENT version of the stage play, "The Pirate," in which Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne starred originally, is a technicolor musical from MGM, starring Judy Garland and Gene Kelly.

It is a gay comedy set in a mythical Caribbean island about 100 years ago.

Music for the film was written by Cole Porter, and the director was Vincente Minnelli, husband of Judy Garland.

Their daughter, fourteen-months-old Liza Minnelli, appears briefly in a crowd scene at the special request of her mother.

Nearly 1000 extras were used for one sequence set on a waterfront.



4 READY FOR WEDDING, Manuela is visited by Serafin, who is discovered in her room by angry guardians.



5 NOVEL PLAN is undertaken by Serafin, who announces he is really pirate Macoco. He orders Manuela to be sent to him or he will burn down the town. Secretly glad to escape marriage to Mayor, Manuela goes to meet Serafin.



6 CONFESSING TRUTH to Manuela that he really is not pirate, Serafin becomes target of her anger at plot.



7 ARRESTED under the name of Macoco, Serafin tries to convince soldiers he is not the pirate. Manuela discovers that the Mayor is the real pirate and that she loves Serafin. The Mayor is arrested and Serafin is given his freedom.



8 JOINING TROUPE, Manuela marries Serafin and they tour many countries starring together in comedy shows.

Sponderpants

Exciting new knitted garment to delight the Modern Miss . . . good-bye to girdles, garters and suspender-belts . . . now SPENDERPANTS . . . cool and softly comfortable as your own skin . . . neat fitting, clever placement of suspender tapes eliminates all strain . . . no drag, even when dancing or stooping . . . elastic waist and leg bands hold firmly.

Adjustable suspenders easily detachable for washing, or wearing as an ordinary pantee . . . launders like a breeze . . . the most ingenious, thrilling contribution to new comfort. If you are unable to buy one right away they're well worth waiting for . . . SPENDERPANTS exclusively . . .

BY
Prestige

Also Makers of Exclusive Hosiery.



BUST: Measure at point of bust, keeping tape measure level.

VESTS and SLIPS

BUST: 32" 34" 36" 38" 41"

BUY PRESTIGE TO YOUR BUST AND HIP MEASUREMENTS

36" 38" 40" 43" 47" HIP: PANTIES and SCANTIES

HIP: Measurement should be maximum measurement.



Tune to your favourite Radio Station every week for "The Most Famous Short Stories in the World" presented by Prestige.

Your Defences Are Up

You are protected against
coughs, colds, sore throats,
influenza if you regularly
take Hudson's 'Eumenthol'
Jujubes. Safe, sure, pleasant,
powerful and antiseptic.

Always use

Hudson's 'Eumenthol' Jujubes

"It's the 'Eumenthol'
that does you
good!"



STOP AND BUY SOME — ANYWHERE

Copyright — All rights reserved.



JOINT PAINS

that's where the pain
USED to be

The delights of freedom are doubled when De Witt's Pills release you from the crippling imprisonment of joint pains. Not everybody realises that the kidneys play a vital part in maintaining the health of the whole body. Their task is to filter and expel waste matter and impurities.

If the kidneys become slack or sluggish, these impurities remain in the system and may set up all sorts of rheumaticky mischief. De Witt's Pills go right to the root of the trouble—they are made specially to cleanse and tone up the kidneys.

How well De Witt's Pills do the job may be judged by the remarkable reputation which they have built up all over the world. You can skip through the housework with a song, go shopping with a smile and work with a will once those tired kidneys are restored to healthy activity.

Go to your chemist or store and get De Witt's Pills for your joint pains, and you, too, will be able to say: "That's where the pain used to be!" For economy, buy the 5/9 size—it contains two and a half times the quantity of the 3/- size.

DE WITT'S PILLS

For Kidney and Bladder Troubles

Learning to Love

Continued from page 11

KEITH felt as though he were trying to get over a dozen invisible obstacles at once. He wanted to say he would call for her at home, take her and Betty to the pictures, do anything to placate her parents. But he could not see how this could be done without an invitation, without some sort of encouragement. And she did not give it.

"It'll have to be Monday," she said. "All right." He held out his hand and when her own went into it he pressed it. On the instant she was free, stepping back a little.

"Good-bye," she hurried away. He followed her. He could not help himself. In the street he saw a flash of golden brown and then lost her as she turned.

He ran, tying round the bend. There were four big buildings but she was nowhere to be seen. But a solid determination grew in him. He glanced at his watch and thought: "I'll come back at half-past four and wait."

He was back at four, walking up and down, up and down. It was after five when he saw her, coming down the steps of one of the buildings.

"Joan!" "Oh!" She started in surprise. "I had to see you again. You must come to-morrow. Don't let's wait until Monday."

"But I can't," she said, searching for a way, thinking of her mother and Betty, tied by familiar childish discipline.

"Your friend could come as well." He hated the idea.

So did she, and smiled, shaking her head, knowing a swift recklessness. "I'll try," she said, "but it'll have to be the afternoon."

It was a lovely afternoon, yellow light everywhere, and warm. They caught a bus and sat in the front seat on top. He was a s sublimely happy, but underneath her excitement there was a current of guilt.

She could not discover clearly why she had not told her mother. She kept thinking: "I could have said, 'Mother, I've met a boy and he wants to take me out.'"

It was so simple. Yet it was impossible. They sat very close together on the seat.

He summoned his courage. "Your hair's beautiful."

A smile broke out at the corner of her mouth.

"Don't look out of the window all the time." There was something compelling in his low tones and she was stirred unwillingly.

She made herself turn to him. "Can you row?" she asked, wanting to change the subject.

"Yes. Shall we take a boat out?"

"Oh, yes, I love boats. I've often been with daddy and mother."

They chose a skiff. Dingy, water-stained cushions lined the seat where she sat holding the steering ropes. Something about her conveyed itself to him. "Happy?"

"Yes."

He began sending the boat across the water with long strokes of the sculls. She watched the feathery ripples break rhythmically beneath the blades. "You're awfully good," she said.

He grinned and increased his efforts.

They tied up at an island. Long, yellowing trails from the willow trees fell round them like a tent. Beneath the branches the world became chilly and infinitely mysterious.

"I'm coming to sit by you and smoke." He rose and was beside her in a movement so quick and sure that the boat scarcely moved. And he was astonished he had accomplished his purpose so expertly. In his mind his arms were around her and he was kissing her. Yet he did nothing except light his cigarette.

"It's perfect here, isn't it?" His voice was difficult.

"Perfect. Heaven." She also fought for control. She reached up and let her hand curve down one of the willow branches.

A wind came pushing through the branches of the willows, striking between her shoulders. "It's getting cold," she said. "We'd better go."

He hesitated. Then he took one of her hands, kissed it and was back in his seat, taking up the sculls before she realised what had happened.

The kiss stayed warm and light on her skin as he pushed away from the little island with one of the sculls.

"Tea," he said. He swept the boat out into the shining river that was bright with sun, and everything lightened between them.

"There's still next Saturday," he said, as they rode back on the bus.

He slipped his arm through hers and drew her close, and this time she did not try to get away. She was drowsy in a world of make-believe marriage. He was full of dreams as well that were not so far away from her own. He was with his girl. She was lovely, sweet.

"Monday lunch," he said before they parted.

"Monday lunch," she echoed.

And she was there. It was cloudy and rather cold. They ate the food quickly and walked about, looking into shops, teasing one another, laughing.

"I hope it'll be warmer than this on Saturday," he said. "You haven't forgotten, have you?"

"No."

"Couldn't you come out just one evening before then?"

"I'd have to ask."

"Well, ask, Joan, ask."

"I don't think they'd let me come."

"But why not?"

"They don't approve of boys." She did not know why she said that. The question had never occurred before.

He did not know what to say. He understood dimly, but that was all. "But you could ask," he said at last, "and I'd come and fetch you if that would be better."

"No, don't do that." She was

appalled. "I'll come if I can."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Where shall I meet you?"

"In the park."

"At half-past five?"

"Yes, if I can come," she qualified.

He was there at five and it was raining. Dead leaves scattered up and down. He walked round and round, looking at the seat where he had sat when he first saw her, sitting on the one which they called their own. At six, all the light was gone from the sky.

She's not coming, he thought, and his chest felt hollow and dark. He stood up and brushed water from the legs of his trousers. There was still to-morrow's lunch and still Saturday.

But she won't come, he thought. She'll never come again. He began walking heavily away, and suddenly she was there, running towards him with the hood of her scarlet rain-cape half off her head.

"I thought you'd be gone!" There was rain on her lips.

"I thought you weren't coming."

He took her hands in his.

"I forgot. To-night's the night I always have to work until six. And I forgot. Oh, you're so wet!"

"I don't care, you're here." He did not know how he did it but he took her close and kissed her.

"Oh," she said, and laughed again. I've been kissed, flashed through her mind. Kissed. And it was wonderful. Later she would think of it but not now. There was something she must say and she said it. "I told them about you at home. I told them, and they want you to come to dinner to-night, now."

Joy shot up in him. "Joan," he said. "Joan," and he kissed her again.

Only a policeman saw them and he turned his back. It was a long time since he had kissed a girl but he remembered that he had preferred not to be seen.

(Copyright)

To "every tired,
run-down
woman"

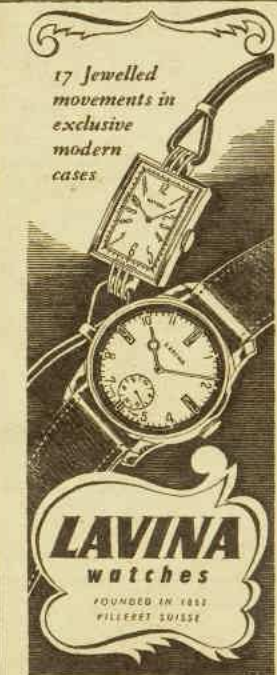


"I think Phyllosan tablets are wonderful. I feel much better and would like every tired and run-down woman to know what a benefit they are."

• You, too, should take

PHYLLOSAN

to invigorate your system, improve your circulation, strengthen your nerves, and increase your energy.
Price 3/6 and 6/- (double quantity)





Rainbow

Still the greatest triumph, is that lovely red tinted Cyclamen, Escapade "RAINBOW."

Lips are eloquent with beauty when wearing "Rainbow," and you can be happy, too, in knowing Escapade gives a perfect lipline.

ESCAPADE

the thoroughbred of LIPSTICKS

Escapade is made under licence and from the formula of America's largest cosmetic manufacturer of New York and Hollywood.

CAPTURE UNTOLD PLEASURE

Friends—invitations—outing!



LEARN AT HOME
Be playing all your favorite tunes and screen hits in a few weeks with a SAMPSON POSTAL COURSE costs nothing if not satisfied.

LEARN AT HOME FOR 2/6 WEEKLY

- No scales or exercises.
- No need to be clever.
- Beginner start playing in 30 minutes.

LESSONS INSTRUMENTS

From 2/6 weekly, wherever you live for either:

- ★ Hill-billy Guitar
- ★ Banjo Mandolin
- ★ Steel Guitar
- ★ Piano Accordion
- ★ Button Accordion
- ★ Mouth Organ
- ★ Piano
- ★ Ukulele
- ★ Banjo Ukulele
- ★ Saxophone
- ★ Violin
- ★ Clarinet

FREE. Write for free catalogue and booklet (state instrument favoured) to—

SAMPSONS, Dept. B
Box 4184X, G.P.O., Sydney

Australia's FOREMOST School

Oh! my sore chest!

The "inner heat" created by Wawn's Wonder Wool provides welcome relief to winter's colds and bronchitis—provides a full flow of energizing blood to the affected area—relieves congestion quickly.

WAWN'S WONDER WOOL
for CHEST COLDS, CHILLS, SCIATICA, NEURITIS



Ailsa

"**AILSA.**" Smart front-buttoned blouse with stitched collar and cuffs. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale blue, and pale pink.

Ready to Wear: 32in. and 34in. bust, 31/8; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 33/6. Postage 8d. extra.

Cut Out Only: 32in. and 34in. bust, 22/3; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 24/9. Postage 8d. extra.

"**ADELAINE.**" A practical pin-for, frock in printed shantung. Colors are pale blue ground with navy-and-white design; maize ground with brown-and-white de-



Adelaine

sign; pale green ground with navy-and-white design; navy ground with red-and-white design.

Ready to Wear: 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 53/6. Postage 1/8 extra.

Cut Out Only: 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 42/9. Postage 1/8 extra.

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

A TALL girl asks for a striking design for a topcoat, and I have chosen a style which should be effective and becoming to her figure; another reader wants advice on a "best" dress for spring. Among other letters selected for publication is an evening dress renovation problem which will help readers with similar problems.

"**WOULD** you please design me a really smart topcoat, French style? I want it to be fitted at the waistline and to have big sleeves. The material is blue wool. I am 26, very slim and tall, and love any fashion that is unusual."

Schiaparelli's design for a fitted full-length topcoat (the original design was in brown wool) should appeal to your love of the unusual and at the same time suit your tall, slim figure. The coat is styled with a nipped-in waist and a wide skirt; side sections of the skirt are pulled out by gathers and accented by slanting pockets. The sleeves are mounted below the shoulder-yoke, are full over the elbow, and finished with a deep cuff.



SCHIAPARELLI'S design for a fitted topcoat with a full skirt looks well on a tall, slim figure.

White evening gown

"**COULD** you advise me on renovating a white nylon evening dress? The skirt is very full and fashionable, but I do not like the bodice. It is very childish, and as I am 21 I would prefer one a little more grown-up. I can only

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4038, G.P.O., Sydney.

wear a bodice with sleeves. Would it be successful if I bought some new material and made another top? What color and what type of material would you advise?"

A floral nylon or a floral taffeta printed in pastel colors would combine well with white. Make a new bodice-top and inset midriff section, and have just the flicker of a matching ruffle peeping below the hemline. Have the bodice made with a deep V-neckline and snug little sleeves finished with cat's-ear bows.

Wedding etiquette

"**I** am being married in a formal wedding dress, and the bridegroom will wear a navy suit. Will it be correct for the best man and groomsmen to wear the same attire? Are white shirts correct, and what color should necktie, shoes, and socks be?"

The men in a bridal party should be dressed alike. As the bridegroom is wearing a navy lounge suit, it would be correct for his best man and groomsmen to wear navy. A white shirt, black shoes, either grey or navy socks, and a matching tie would be the correct accessories.

Black-and-white check

"**AS** I can only afford a very small wardrobe, I plan with care each season. Now I am looking towards spring, a new outfit, and some good advice from you. I wear only very tailored clothes and have set my heart on a black-and-white outfit for spring. I want the dress suitable for streetwear, strictly for best, and (with a change of trimming or accessories) suitable for five o'clock onwards. I am very fond of white pique touches, so perhaps

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to sew



Atonia

"**ATONIA.**" Attractive maternity frock with plenty of skirt width for expansion.

The material is printed floral silk in a sage-blue ground, with deep pink, white, and green; grey ground with cyclamen, lime, and white; navy ground with violet, lime, and white; black ground with lime, pink, and white.

Ready to Wear: 32in. and 34in. bust, 59/11; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 73/6. Postage 1/8 extra.

Cut Out Only: 32in. and 34in. bust, 54/3; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 56/9. Postage 1/8 extra.

* Please make second choice of colors.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 488F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne, N.Z.
Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

they could be included in the design.

Checks are new for spring, so if you can find a small black-and-white check material it would be perfect for your dress. Have it made with a round white pique yoke and a soft shoulder-line. If your shoulders are fairly broad, do not have shoulder-pads. A soft shoulder-line is real spring news. Finish the waistline with a narrow black patent-leather belt. Wear red kid court shoes and carry a red kid handbag. An extra underskirt or a petticoat finished with sufficient check dress material to drop the hemline six inches from the ground will convert your dress into a perfect ensemble for the cocktail hour and later.

HIGHLIGHT YOUR HAIR



★ To keep the beauty of shining hair . . .

For children and adults there is nothing more beneficial to the hair than regular care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous. This treatment helps prevent falling hair, dandruff, premature greyness, brittle hair, itching scalp.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous
FAMOUS HAIR TONIC

Sold by all Chemists & Stores



Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to study for a Worth-while Career for Yourself. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

Shorthand, Typing, Handwriting, Bookkeeping, (Farm) Nurses' Entrance Station, Mercantile, Commercial Art, Accounting, Designing, Story Writing, Journalism, Finance, Shire Clerks, Advertisement Wkg., University Exams, Showcards, Tickets, Estate Agents, Draftsmanship, Herd Testers' Architectural Work, Window Dressing, Commercial English, Salesmanship, Com. Arithmetic, Engineering (Diesel), General Education, Motor, Radio, etc.

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell Street, Melbourne;
148 Castlereagh Street, Sydney;
280 Adelaide Street, Brisbane;
50 Grenfell Street, Adelaide.

Mail This Coupon: Cut Here
To STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see list), I should like details of your course/s in:

MY NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
A.S.W. 1546 AGE _____



I never lose time from work now. Those Back-aches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills, and I can work all day without getting tired.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere
In unbreakable plastic tubes. F.I.A.

FORD PILLS

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2/6 stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 771-8 Collins St., Melbourne, C.I. 73422.



Did you get the first issue?



Did you get the second issue?

then make sure of the third issue

—the August Issue of

A.M.
THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY

ON SALE NOW!

64 BIG PAGES... and every page packed with colour, interest and entertainment—for ALL the family

Fiction

"Never Trust a Murderer" — Quentin Reynolds tells the story of a crook who tricked the police on a racecourse.

"Seven Mile Brew" — An Australian story of an ex-digger's home brew and what it did to his parties.

"Someone to Beat Sargeson" — The only thing that stopped the camp giant from defeat — was a girl!

... and more top-line fiction by overseas and Australian authors.

Articles

"Advice to Unfaithful Husbands" — A wife, with experience, advises them to admit nothing!

"City Without Strife" — Broken Hill, where they break the bad laws — keep the good ones ... and the minimum wage in the mines is £16.

"Go to Sleep If You Can" — A wide-awake article solves your sleep problems. ... page after page of interest for every Australian ... man ... woman ... and child.

Sport

"The Shannon Error" — An expert shows why Shannon failed in his early U.S. races ... and tells how to race Australian horses in America.

"Joe Louis" — The colourful story of the greatest of all heavyweight fight champions.

"Born to Bowl" — The human story of Ray Lindwall's rise to fame — "the fastest bowler since Larwood".

... a complete section of sporting fact and fiction.

AND 15 PAGES OF GRAPHIC PICTURE FEATURES, including a full page colour reproduction suitable for framing. See this George Finey impression of Beethoven and other famous composers.

AUGUST ISSUE OF "A.M." ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSAGENTS—PRICE 1/-

WINTER SKIN TROUBLES



QUICKLY
SOOTHED AND
HEALED BY
ZAM-BUK

SORENESS, CHAFING, COLD SPOTS

WHEN harsh weather dries your skin, causing rough patches and similar troubles, apply a little Zam-Buk each night. This will soon clear the skin, leaving it lovely and soft again.

Zam-Buk, a rich emollient containing six active medicaments easily absorbed by the pores, can always be depended upon to act quickly and thoroughly.

CHAPPED HANDS & CHILBLAINS

Zam-Buk is wonderfully soothing and healing for chapped hands and chilblains. In addition, its valuable antiseptic properties safeguard against any infection of the cracked or broken skin.

Never be without

Zam-Buk

1/6 at all Chemists and Stores.

RETAIN VIGOR THROUGH INTERNAL CLEANNES

WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanness their slogan.

Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autointoxication (from the words auto (self), toxin (poison) — by inducing better Internal Cleanness.

Coloseptic is the product of intensive research to find a remedy which would combat constipation at its source, the colon.

A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

COLOSEPTIC FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNES

At all chemists and stores.

4131

DRINK HABIT DESTROYED

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? EUCRASY has changed homes from misery and want to happiness again. Established 12 years, it destroys all desire for Alcohol. Harmless, tasteless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily.

SEND 28/- FULL TWENTY DAYS' COURSE.

Dept. W, EUCRASY CO.
297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

For Beauty!

"Coverspot"

Conceals Blemishes

Smooth path to BEAUTY

LEGS may be kept smooth by abrasives (discs or mitts) used on the dry skin, as in this picture. Wax treatments are also used for legs and arms.



ANY well-rounded beauty routine must inevitably return from time to time to superfluous hair removal.

For most of us this is merely a grooming chore—an important one certainly—involving no more than a few minutes of time and reasonable expenditure on one of the removal preparations available for home use.

Where, however, unwanted hair blemishes the face, no matter how seemingly insignificant, it is best to leave its removal to the qualified operator, for here there is no margin for trial and error.

Let us look at some ways and means of treating the face and sprucing up the limbs and under-arms.

The face comes first, and we dispose once and for all of a persistent fallacy concerning face creams.

Apparently there are still many women who believe that face creams encourage hair growth on the face, though there is neither evidence to support the idea nor any way of telling how it started.

There's a theory that it grew up among women who were paying additional attention to their skins by using extra cream to stave off drying and wrinkling at a certain age; finding that fuzziness developed they blamed it on the cream, whereas the truth was that the growth was there, anyway, or just about to begin, with or without the cream.

Best "against" argument seems to be that there would be fewer bald heads if cream would grow hair.

Returning to the main theme, no woman can look or feel her best when skin smoothness is disturbed. Regardless of skill in applying make-up, cosmetics are to be useless for this sort of cover-up; if anything, they tend to emphasise the fault.

Temporary removal of facial hairs with wax, cream, or abrasives is frowned on by dermatologists, too.

Even the temptation to whisk a little fuzz off the lip is to be resisted, according to them, because the day comes when the treatment must be repeated, and in almost every instance where hair is ripped or abraded off the face repeatedly growth becomes stronger.

It's generally considered better to

bleach lip fuzz with such a solution as one-half ounce toilet peroxide and one-half ounce cold water to which is added ten drops of ammonia. Pat on a clean, dry upper lip, allow to dry thoroughly, rinse off well.

Young people especially worry about baby fuzz along the sides of the cheeks, sometimes on the outer lip curve, apparently seeing in it an early edition of superfluous hair, whereas in reality it's nothing of the sort. Few, if any, skins are without it, and left alone it does not coarsen.

Among so-called permanent removal methods: epilation by diathermy and electrolysis are probably most popular currently. Results cannot be uniformly successful or guaranteed because individuals vary considerably in treatment response; but it can be said, in all conscientiousness, that in the hands of experts treatments are most encouraging.

Leg (and arm) smoothing calls for an entirely different approach. Because of the extensive area, wax and abrasive methods are most used, and, though slightly more expensive, the former lasts longest (from four to six weeks).

Most of us know how the wax is applied in sections, allowed to set with a sturdy strip of cloth over it, and within the prescribed time whisked off, leaving a smooth surface to be sponged with witch hazel and soothed with cream.

Abrasives—discs or mitts—applied to taut-held, completely dry skin in tiny circles in first one direction, then reversed and repeated, are temporarily efficacious, as is well-soaped pumice applied similarly to wet skin.

For underarm clearance the small, curved razor is always a standby for a fast, easy clean-up (used on a dry surface sprinkled with talcum beforehand), but not a lasting one.

Cream depilatory makes a clean sweep that lasts longer. The penetrative cream action removes the hair quickly and thoroughly, and should be put on a clean, dry surface, left for eight to 15 minutes, according to requirements, removed with warm water and a washcloth and rinsed well.

Triple warning: Never rub the cream into the skin, nor use on an irritated skin, nor follow the clean-up directly with an anti-perspirant.

By CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

Benefits of immunisation

By Sister MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

A BABY is susceptible to all kinds of infections, and must be carefully protected until he has gradually developed some immunity to his new surroundings.

Early immunisation against whooping-cough and diphtheria has been proved by medical science to be most successful, and all parents should avail themselves of this safety-measure for their babies.

If there has been a history of tubercular trouble in the family, or a previous case of rickets, preven-

tive measures against such troubles can be carried out in infancy.

In this way, medical science is on guard, ready to give protection against future disaster.

A leaflet dealing with the prevention of sickness in the early years can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W., if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

Beauty holds a Winning Hand



Paul Duval Lip-Fingertip Kits in First Night, Mayfair Pink, Natural, etc. 4/6
Autumn Series 8/6
Blue Rayon 8/6
Paul Duval Hand Lotion 2/6



From glowing lips, let beauty go right to your finger-tips . . . hands gracefully groomed with Paul Duval Hand Lotion, nails carefully tended, elegant with the constant gleam of Paul Duval Nail Enamel — it doesn't chip or crack, and dries in the space of seconds.

paul Duval
PERSONALISED COSMETICS

At all Chemists . . . Exclusive Stores



BUSY HANDS NEED SOLVOL DAILY

SOLVOL CLEANS HANDS FASTER



Work-a-day stains vanish in Solvol's thick quick lather. Its gentle action keeps hands smooth, cleans more thoroughly . . . four times faster than ordinary soaps ever can. Solvol will not harm the skin. Always keep Solvol handy . . . best in the bathroom where the whole family can use it.

WE USE
SOLVOL EVERY DAY—
THAT'S WHY WE KEEP IT
IN THE BATHROOM



S.4.12



WHEN KNIGHTS WERE COLD

their Armour stout,
Could not keep Winter's chill winds out,
Victims to Flu and like diseases,
The Welkin oft rang with their sneezes.

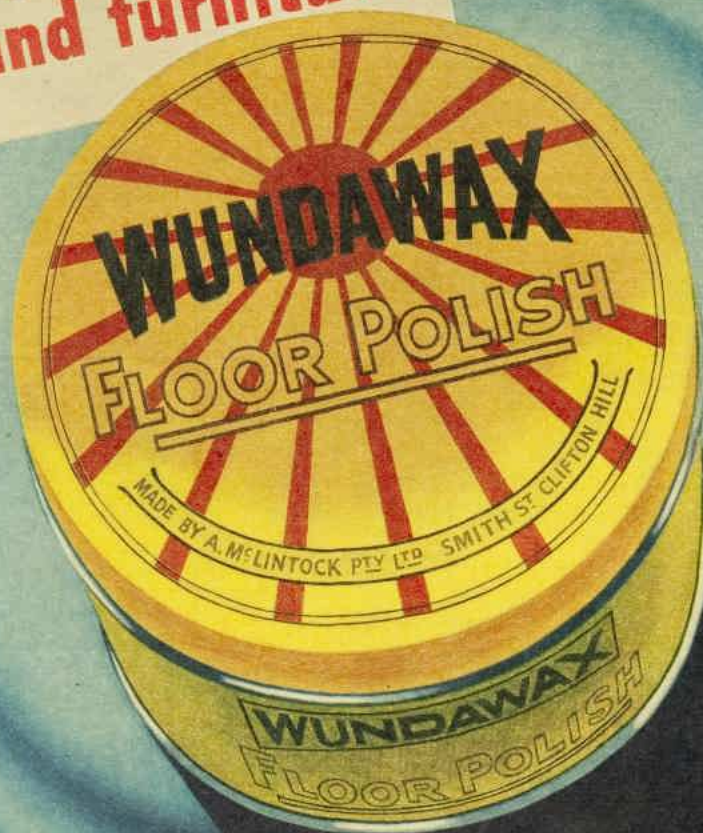
Had Lancelot been living now,
We're sure that this would be his vow:
"My sword is sharp; my heart is pure,
And so is Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

Guard against Influenza.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure



... ask your grocer for
the perfect polish for
floors and furniture



There's no energy tax
with **WUNDAWAX**



Two Courses

By Our Food and
Cookery Experts

● Do you know what foods are necessary each day to give your family a well balanced, nutritious diet?

WHEN planning family menus, be guided by this brief outline, and keep your family in good health by giving them good food.

Here are the seven basic food groups. In order to maintain normal health, some food from each group should be eaten every day:

- Green and yellow vegetables — some raw, some cooked.
- Potatoes, tomatoes, salad greens, or raw cabbage.
- Oranges and other fruits—raw or cooked.
- Meat, poultry, fish, eggs; or dried beans, dried peas, or nuts.
- Milk and milk products — fresh or dried.
- Butter or margarine.
- Bread, cereals, flour — white or wholemeal.

A working knowledge of these nutrition facts enables you to cut costs without cutting down nutritive value.

MENU

Stuffed Crumbed Cutlets
Potato-capped Tomatoes
Carrots and Parsnips
Green Peas
Double Crust Apple and Raisin Tart
Coffee

STUFFED CRUMBED CUTLETS

Six lamb cutlets, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft white breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons sausage meat, pinch herbs, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon flour, egg glazing, browned crumbs for covering.

Remove skin from cutlets. With small, sharp-pointed knife cut through fat and into meat of each cutlet—making a pocket. Combine white crumbs, sausage meat, herbs, salt, pepper, onion, parsley; mix well. Press a teaspoonful of stuffing into each pocket, close edges with cocktail stick or sharpened match. Coat each cutlet with flour, dip in egg glazing, toss in browned crumbs. Stand a few minutes, coat a second time with glazing and crumbs. Heat sufficient fat to barely cover bottom of baking dish. When very hot place cutlets in. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Turn once or twice during cooking. Drain on kitchen paper. Remove cocktail sticks before serving. Arrange round mound of mashed potato on hot serving-dish.

POTATO-CAPPED TOMATOES

Six small tomatoes, 6 tablespoons mashed potato, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, pinch cayenne pepper, nut of butter, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Wash tomatoes well, cut a slice from top of each, scoop centres very slightly. Beat onion, cayenne, butter, and milk into hot mashed potato. Spoon into tomatoes, roughen tops with fork. Place on greased tray, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until tomatoes are soft and potato lightly browned.

DOUBLE CRUST APPLE AND RAISIN TART

Six ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. cornflour, pinch salt, 4oz. margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk.

Filling: Three apples, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon water, 2 cloves, squeeze of lemon juice, 2 tablespoons raisins, small quantity lemon-flavored warm icing, cinnamon.

Peel, core, and slice apples thinly. Place in pan with sugar, water,

cloves, lemon juice, and raisins. Cover and simmer until apples are quite soft. Drain off excess syrup, beat to a pulp. Sift flour, cornflour, salt. Rub in shortening, add

BALANCED MEAL is provided by this simple menu—stuffed crumbed cutlets, potato-capped tomatoes, carrot and parsnip wedges, green peas, and apple and raisin tart.

sugar. Mix to a dry dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, cut into 2 portions, one slightly larger than the other. Roll each portion

thinly to circular shape. Line greased 7in. tart-plate. Fill with prepared apple mixture, moisten edges of pastry. Place remaining pastry on top, press edges well together. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes. When cold coat top with lemon-flavored warm icing, dust with cinnamon.

Progress prizes in our £2000 cookery contest

DURING the currency of the competition, six cash prizes of £5 each will be given every week for good recipes.

These progress prize awards remain eligible for final prizes in the respective classes.

See page 34 for further particulars of our £2000 cookery contest.

N.B.: All spoon measurements are level in these prize recipes.

CARAMELLED APPLE PAQUITA

Pastry: Four ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2oz. margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons milk. 1 to 1½ cups drained, sweetened, cooked apple pulp.

Sift flour and salt, add lemon rind, rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to oblong shape. Spread evenly with apple pulp. Moisten edges, roll up, commencing to roll from longest side. Place into ovenware dish.

Sauce: One ounce margarine or butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Place all ingredients into small saucepan, heat until butter is melted and ingredients thoroughly mixed. Pour over roll. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Serve hot with custard, whipped cream, or ice-cream. Serves 5 or 6.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Taylor, 18 Bapaume Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

SAUSAGE COBBLER WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

One pound pork sausages, 2 small onions, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Slice onions thinly, separate into rings. Place in pan, cover with sausages—skinned and cut into thick rings. Cook 8 to 10 minutes over moderate heat, stirring or shaking pan occasionally.

Pat which melts out of sausages will be sufficient to cook onions. Reduce heat, cook 5 minutes longer. Turn into greased ovenware dish. Sift flour, salt, and pepper. Make a well in centre, add unbeaten egg. Fold flour in from sides, gradually adding milk to make a smooth batter. Pour over sausage and onion mixture, bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Cut into wedges, serve with mustard sauce.

Mustard Sauce: Quarter-pint thin white sauce, 2 teaspoons mixed mustard, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon pickles, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley.

Fold mustard into white sauce, gradually add vinegar, chopped pickles, and parsley. Reheat without allowing to boil.

Progress Prize of £5 to Miss M. Todd, Box 49, P.O. Collins St., Melbourne.

CURRIED RABBIT IN GRAPEFRUIT CASES

Two grapefruit, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 dessertspoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon curry powder (or less, according to taste), 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 apple (peeled, cored, diced), 1½ cups diced cooked rabbit meat, squeeze lemon juice, 1 tablespoon coconut, soft bread-crumbs, parsley to garnish.

Cut grapefruit in halves remove pulp. Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, curry pow-

der, onion, salt, apple. Stir until boiling, simmer 5 minutes. Fold in parsley, rabbit, lemon juice, coconut. Fill into grapefruit cases, top with breadcrumbs. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Garnish with parsley; serve hot.

Progress Prize of £5 to Miss S. Maloney, 8 Canterbury Terrace, Black Forest, S.A.

COFFEE CREAM TRIFLE

Sponge cake (preferably one day old), 1 cup condensed milk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 1 packet lemon jelly crystals, 1 cup hot water, chopped nuts and cherries to decorate.

Cut sponge cake into fingers about 1in. thick, place a layer on bottom of serving-dish. Add lemon juice to condensed milk, whip until slightly thickened, beat in coffee essence. Spread a thin layer over cake fingers. Continue adding layers of cake and coffee cream, finish with a layer of cream. Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water. When cooled and beginning to thicken, pour over trifle. Chill until set. Decorate with any remaining cream, chopped nuts, and cherries.

Progress Prize of £5 to Miss L. Gregory, Post Office, South Carlton, Vic.

CHOCOLATE CAKE WITH FLUFFY MOCHA CREAM

Four ounces margarine or butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Add beaten eggs, mix well. Beat in golden syrup. Add sifted flour, salt, and soda alternately with

cocoa blended smoothly with milk. Turn into greased 7in. square or round tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 1 to 1½ hours. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold, cover sides and top with fluffy mocha cream and decorate with chopped, toasted almonds.

Fluffy Mocha Cream: One tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, chopped toasted almonds.

Cream margarine or butter until very soft, gradually add sugar and beat until white and fluffy. Blend cocoa smoothly with boiling water, add milk and coffee essence. Beat a little at a time into creamed mixture until all is absorbed. Spread over cake, rough up with a fork.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. P. C. Smithers, 68 Neville St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

PRUNE GINGERBREAD

Four ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, pinch salt, 1 cup golden syrup, 1 cup prune juice, 1 cup chopped cooked prunes, 1 cup hot water.

Cream shortening and sugar until soft, white and fluffy. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Sift dry ingredients, fold into mixture alternately with golden syrup and prune juice. Lastly add prunes and hot water. Turn into 2 well-greased slab tins, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 40 to 45 minutes. Allow to stand a few minutes before turning on to cake cooler. If liked, may be iced with lemon-flavored icing when cold.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Coleman, Goomeri, Kingaroy Line, Qld.

He never
enjoyed his tea...



till he tasted

Brisk
Lipton's!



"Good?"

Why it was like tasting tea
for the first time," he cried, savouring
that rich Lipton flavour.

Housewives all over the country are chang-
ing to "brisk" Lipton Tea. Brisk? "Brisk"
is the tea expert's word for the rich, full-
bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's
skilful blending.

LIPTON TEA

Brisk Flavour

NEVER FLAT!



L. 98 326.

TO MAKE THE MOST OF DINNER...

Roast, grill, or succulent stew will be infinitely
tastier when served with Keen's Mustard.
Good cooking demands good mustard, and
Keen's brings out the best in the meat.



ask for
**KEEN'S
MUSTARD**

K3/124

Come in and win big cash prizes...

Our £2000 Cookery Contest in full swing

£1000 IS OFFERED IN CASH FOR
A MODEL FOOD BUDGET AND
MENU PLAN

£1000 IN CASH PRIZES FOR BEST
RECIPES IN VARIOUS CLASSES

● Don't delay! Get your entries in early—a staff
of experts is on the job sorting, selecting, and
testing. No entry coupon—everyone is free to enter
this easy competition.

Recent issues carried full details of the simple
rules and conditions applying to the main sections.
Here they are in brief:—

SECTION 1

To enter for the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 you are asked to
submit a model family budget and menu plan for a week for a family
of four—comprising husband, wife, son and daughter of school age.

A competitor may choose one of four weekly amounts on which to
base her model food budget. These amounts are: £3, £3/10/-, £4, £4/10/-,
to cover the cost of food used.

Set out menu plan for breakfast, lunch (packed and/or served at
home), and dinner for 7 consecutive days, commencing Sunday.

Give detailed recipes for main dishes listed in each dinner menu.

Attach statement giving details of quantities and cost of foodstuffs
for each meal. All foods, including home-grown fruits and vegetables,
must be accounted for in the budget and costed at the retail prices
operating in your district.

IN AWARDING THE £1000 PRIZE THE JUDGES WILL
CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING POINTS:

- Best possible use made of amount of money available
for food.
- Menus planned to provide the correct nutritional balance.
- Due consideration given to age of children, seasonable
supplies, and local climatic conditions.
- Greatest possible variety provided within the limit of one
week's menus.
- Provision made for economical stove management—e.g.,
using oven to full capacity, not heating it for one dish
only.
- Provision made for use of left-overs.

SECTION 2

£1000 in prizes for recipes for cakes, meats, desserts, pastries, and
scones, etc. These prizes will be awarded in the following classes:

Class 1.—Cakes CHAMPION PRIZE, £50.

This prize will be awarded for the best
cake recipe of whatever type. The
recipe which wins this prize will
not be eligible for any other prize.

Fruit Cake: First Prize, £25;
Second Prize, £5.

Sponge Cake: First Prize, £25;
Second Prize, £5.

Novelty Cake: First Prize, £25;
Second Prize, £5.

Butter or Substitute Cake: First
Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

Small Cakes or Cookies: First
Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

Class 2.—Meats First Prize, £25,
for best economy
meat dish sufficient for family of 2
adults and 3 children. Second Prize,
£5.

Class 3.—Desserts First Prize, £25,
for best hot
dessert (other than pastry) suffi-
cient for family of 2 adults and 3
children. Second Prize, £5. First
Prize, £25, for best cold dessert
(other than pastry) sufficient for
family of 2 adults and 3 children.
Second Prize, £5.

Class 4.—Pastry First Prize, £25,
for best savory
pie or tart. Second Prize, £5. First
Prize, £25, for best sweet pie or tart.
Second Prize, £5.

Class 5.—Various Scones, or Ten-
cakes, or Nut
Roll, or Fruit Roll. First Prize, £25;
Second Prize, £5.

CONDITIONS ARE EASY.—You may enter as many recipes as you
wish in Section 2. Only one entry may be submitted by each competitor
for the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 (Section 1).

Ingredients to be listed in the order in which they are used; exact
weights and/or measurements to be given in level cups, level tablespoons,
etc.

Write out recipes clearly on one side of paper only, giving on each
page full name and address (including State), and indicating section and
class in which recipe is entered.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical, and
economical.

Contest closes September 18. Results announced in early November.

Address your entries to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088,
G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Mark the envelope £2000 Recipe Contest.

£200 in consolation prizes

IN addition to the big final awards 100 Consolation Prizes of £2
each will be given for recipes chosen from the various sections.
£30 EVERY WEEK IN PROGRESS PRIZES

During the progress of the competition, regular weekly cash
prizes for recipes will be increased to six Progress Prizes of £5
each, awarded for good recipes. These progress prize-winning
recipes remain eligible for the final judging.

See this week's Progress Prize awards on Page 33.

So quick and easy
to make pastry
with

KRUSTO
—PASTRY MIX



Just add water to Krusto, mix and
roll, and that's all there is to mak-
ing lighter, crispier, tastier pastry.

LEMON FLUFF PIE

8 ozs. Krusto Pastry Mix, 3 eggs,
1/3 cup lemon juice, grated rind
of 1 lemon, 3 tablespoons hot
water, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 cup
sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour.

Beat yolks of eggs lightly,
add cornflour, lemon juice
and rind. Stir in hot water
and add salt and 1/3 cup
sugar. Cook, stirring con-
stantly, until thick like a
custard. Beat whites of eggs
until very stiff, then add
remaining sugar and beat
lightly. Make Krusto pastry
shell (for pie dish or tart
plate). Prick all over with fork
and bake in a hot oven. When
cooked, fill with lemon filling
and pile the white of eggs on
top. Brown lightly in a
moderate oven 2-3 minutes.

KK2

Nicest Tasting Cough, Cold Remedy

Relieves Quick! Saves Money!

You can save £s on family cough
remedy bills by making up, for the
amazingly low cost of two shillings,
ONE PINT of the famous HEENZO
cough remedy. You simply add
sweetened water to concentrated
HEENZO to make up equal to eight
bottles of the best ready-mixed
medicines for chest and throat ail-
ments.

HEENZO is guaranteed equally good
for children and adults, so regular
users always keep a supply of this
famous family remedy in the home
—ready for use at the first sign of
coughs and colds.

Order HEENZO from your chemist
or store to-day.

COSTS 2/-

SAVES 1's

HEENZO

X MOTHER rid your child of Worms

Get quick, permanent relief with
SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP. San-
o-lax contains a potent, a valuable
medicinal ingredient which quickly
acts to work usually whilst the child
is sleeping, destroying and removing
any worm presence. San-o-lax is
pleasant and safe to take—children
love it! Your chemist sells

**SAN-O-LAX
WORM SYRUP**

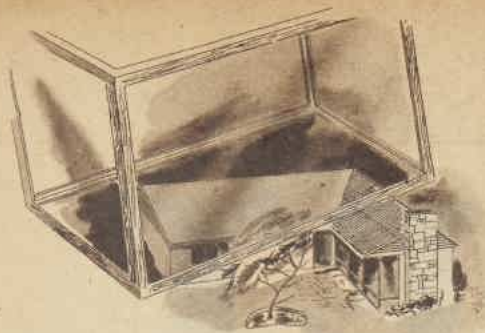
Distributed by Patten & Birks Pty.
Ltd., Sydney.

The daily dose of
NUGGET
does it!



*Keeps them bright...
keeps them right*

NUGGET SHOE POLISH AVAILABLE IN BLACK, DARK TAN, TAN, LIGHT TAN, BLUE, NIGGER BROWN AND MILITARY TAN — ALSO NUGGET WHITE CLEANER IN BOTTLES AND TUBES



Like putting your home in a glass case—only better!

Glass cases are used to preserve treasures! Painting outside brick or cement-rendered walls with Boncote not only preserves them for years, but beautifies them, too!

And for interior work—walls and ceilings—there's nothing like Wesco, the perfect water colour. There's only one grade of Wesco, because Wesco must always be the best. Economical, easy to apply, there are glorious pastel tints to match in with any colour scheme—tints that do not lose a fraction of their matchless brilliance and purity of tone. Ask your decorator about Boncote for exteriors, Wesco for interiors.

WESCO KALSOMINE

The Perfect Wall Finish

PRODUCT OF WESCO (Australia) PTY. LTD., PARRAMATTA, N.S.W.

'HYPOL' will Protect You from Winter Coughs and Colds!

Wintry weather conditions with low temperatures, rain and biting winds can find you unprepared to withstand Coughs, Colds and Influenza. Prepare yourself now by building up your natural powers of resistance to Winter Ills.

Take

'HYPOL'

Thousands of men, women and children throughout the Commonwealth have successfully resisted Winter Ills by taking 'HYPOL' regularly. 'HYPOL' contains pure genuine Cod Liver Oil which is rich in the anti-infective Vitamin A, also the anti-ricketic Vitamin D. These essential life-giving Vitamins together with Calcium and Sodium Hypophosphites, make 'HYPOL' an indispensable family medicine. Now is the time to banish Coughs, Colds and Winter Ills with 'HYPOL'.

'HYPOL' IS THE PROVED FAMILY MEDICINE FOR THESE COMPLAINTS:

COUGHS	COLDS	INFLUENZA
BRONCHITIS	MALNUTRITION	
CONVALESCENCE	GENERAL DEBILITY	
LOSS OF ENERGY	LOSS OF WEIGHT	

Guarantee: Every bottle of 'HYPOL' is guaranteed to contain 50% pure genuine Cod Liver Oil with Vitamins A and D potencies as stated on the label. **THIS IN YOUR SHOP AND THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR 'HYPOL'**

PRICE 3/- A BOTTLE

(1) LOUNGE (right) in Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Forsyth's home at South Yarra, Victoria, is charmingly appointed. It has satin reGENCY drapes of deep wedgwood-blue to harmonise with paler walls; all-over rug is cocoa. The little salon suite of gilt and walnut is upholstered in French-blue and pink striped fabric. Graceful gilt-framed mirror hangs above the fireplace.



Lovely decor in Melbourne home



DINING-ROOM: Beautiful mahogany suite with chairs upholstered in oyster-grey brocade; walls are pale wedgwood-blue, woodwork white, curtains gold French velvet.



COCKTAIL BAR is decorated in vivid scarlet; interesting feature is the gay, amusing mural, "Mrs. Fitzherbert arrives in Brighton."



CORNER of sun-room, which leads off dining-room. Color scheme is delightful: Deep vine-green walls, off-white sheepskin rug, Chartreuse-and-strawberry lounge.



BEDROOM: Apple-blossom walls, old rose carpet, antique ivory furniture, duck-egg blue bed-heads, matching covers, chintz under-solances.

Asthma Congestion Relieved 1st Day

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Quickly Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the strangling congestion is dissolved, thus giving free, easy breathing and peaceful sleep. No doses, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and be entirely free from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely satisfy or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist.

The guarantee protects you. **Mendaco** Arrests Asthma ★ Bronchitis ★ Hay Fever. Now in 2 sizes 6/- and 12/-.

Beauty from Bond Street

The timeless charm of a perfect complexion, the poise that springs from the knowledge of one's own loveliness, these are the gifts that are brought to you, straight from Innox's Bond Street Salon. Nothing cleanses your skin so deeply, so gently, and so safely, for instance, as Innox's Complexion Milk. More penetrating than soap and water, it restores the natural oils that soap often removes. Use it night and morning to keep your skin gloriously smooth and supple.

Innox beauty preparations

BOND STREET LONDON for the loveliness that lasts a lifetime





EXTERIOR view (above) of Mrs. D. T. Forsyth's gracious and restful home at 27 Marne Street, South Yarra, Victoria. Mrs. Forsyth's decorative scheme of mingled pastels and deeper tones is lovely. In this she was aided by interior decorator Reg Riddell.

SITTING-ROOM, at left, is most unusual. There are amethyst rugs on the highly polished floor; walls are parchment. Chair and settee covers are pale mushroom splashed with amethyst and blue-green floral pattern; curtains (reflected in mirror) are luxurious amethyst velvet. And note the old rocker. This room opens off cocktail bar, L-shaped effect.



BEAUTIFUL French padded screen stands in corner of entrance hall; all-over carpet is rich cocoa, walls are pale wedgewood-blue. Georgian walnut table in foreground.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 7, 1948



A Room comes to Life...

Soft darkness, hushed and deep as midnight. The touch of a cord and your room comes to life etched with golden shafts of sunlight. The sun is your slave with "Aberdeen" Flexible Metal Venetian Blinds, the latest development in controlled sunlight and ventilation—slats adjustable to any angle, where they remain until altered—automatic cord lock—the one cord raises, lowers and locks the blind.

There is perfection in this new window blind—there's perfection of grace in the line of the curved flexible slats—indeed true beauty is built into these indestructible metal alloy blinds.

All of these amazing features are made possible by the Patented Metal Headbox. Only with "Aberdeen" can you enjoy such controlled comfort, giving you all the benefits of air conditioning.

OBTAINABLE IN ALL WIDTHS UP TO 8-FT.

Delivery approximately 16 weeks.

Verandah and Florentine Blinds in the Aberdeen guaranteed fadeless, striped ducks—samples gladly posted.

Aberdeen ALL-METAL
(Pat.) FLEXIBLE VENETIAN BLINDS

If unobtainable locally write to

SMITH COPELAND & CO. PTY. LTD.

33 REGENT STREET, SYDNEY ... PHONE M 4181

Makers of Finer Blinds and Canvas Goods for over 54 years



FLEXIBLE: Slats are convex, cannot sag, lie straight across the window—if you bend them they snap back to former shape.

PROTECTION: Curves of slats reflect light and heat—give complete protection from summer heat and winter cold.

SILENT: Can be raised or lowered, tilted or closed, with absolute quiet. Perfect for nurseries and bedrooms.

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET TO: DEPT. A, 33 REGENT ST., SYDNEY.

Sow and plant these ...

SAYS OUR HOME GARDENER
SPRING will be here in a month's time, and all gardening preparations should be rushed to completion in readiness for sowing seed and setting out hardy seedlings.

Dig over the beds and add any old manure you have, rake level, and firm lightly. Fresh manure should not be added to beds for seedlings unless you are prepared to wait until fairly late in September for transplanting. It has to heat up and ferment, and this causes damage to roots and stem bases unless it has completed its fermentation processes.

Where the beds were prepared in early winter, the manure will have lost its kick, and hardy annuals, such as African marigolds, petunias, and a very few others, can be set out during late August. With others, such as asters, lupins, phlox, scabiosa, snapdragons, zinnias, and other "sofies," it is better to wait until September.

Early next month, where late frosts are unlikely, seed of all half-hardy annuals can be sown, and these include eschscholtzia, candytuft, celosia, clarkia, larkspur, cockscomb, coleus, dahlias, French marigolds, mignonette, bedding petunias, portulaca, salvia, statice, delphinium, helichrysum, annual chrysanthemums, galliardias, globe amaranth, nigella, and zinnias.

Vegetables, such as French beans, are best held off everywhere, except on the N.S.W. middle and north coast areas and Queensland, until September. This also applies to tomato seedlings, and the sowing of seeds, such as spring lettuce, cabbage, beetroot, cucumbers, pumpkins, silver beet, squash, etc.



Kidney Trouble Causes Backache, Puffy Ankles

If you're feeling out o-sorts, have interrupted sleep, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy, and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription

called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit—No Pay

The very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping your kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And so certain are the makers that Cystex will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied just return the empty package and get your money back.

Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes—4/6 & 8/6

Cystex for KIDNEYS, BLADDER, RHEUMATISM
The Guaranteed Treatment

Its cleaner, brighter **Taste** means
 cleaner, brighter teeth!
Smoother, richer-foaming
New Pepsodent,
 the only toothpaste
 containing **Irrium**, removes
 the film that makes your teeth
 look dull — uncovers the
 natural brilliance of your smile!



WONDERFUL NEW CANDY TASTE
 IN THE NEW, GAY CANDY-STRIPED PACK



PT. 44C. WWFP



Fashion PATTERNS

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS...

No. 1060. — COTTON HOUSE-
FROCK

Floral cotton housefrock in shades of blue, with pink-and-white; pink, with rose-and-white; green, with rose-and-white. The pattern is clearly traced ready to cut out and machine.

Sizes 32in. to 34in. bust, 18/11. 36in. to 38in. bust, 19/11. Postage, 1/6; extra.

Please Note: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1060, 1061, 1062, 1063, make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.



F5205. — Tailored frock with unusual trimming. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 36in. material and 2 yds. braid trim. Price, 1/11.

F5206. — Frock and matching bonnet for a young girl. Sizes 20in., 23in., and 27in. lengths. Requires 2 yds. 36in. material for frock, 1 yd. contrast, and 1 yd. 36in. material for hat. Price, 1/8.

F5207. — Smart one-piece with a side drape. Sizes 32in. to 42in. bust. Requires 3 yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

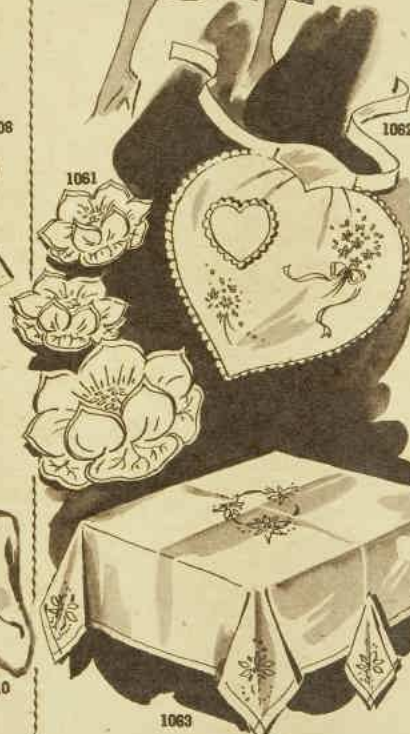
F5208. — Practical jacket for sportswear. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5209. — Softly styled two-piece with flared skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5210. — Tailored jacket and skirt set. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 29.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 7, 1948



No. 1061.—ROSE DUCHESSE SET

Set is clearly traced on good quality white and cream linen and on sheer linen in pale pink, pale blue, lemon, and green ready for embroidering. Centre mat measures 11in. x 17in., the smaller mats 8in. x 8in. Complete set 6/11. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 1062.—ORGANDIE APRON

Pretty organdie apron with pattern clearly traced for you to cut out, machine, and then embroider. The organdie is in turquoise, shell-pink, eau-de-nil, blossom-blue, and lemon. Finish apron with a narrow lace edging. (This is not supplied.) Price 6/11. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 1063.—POINSETTIA CLOTH AND SERVIETTES TO MATCH

Set is traced ready to embroider on good quality white and cream linen, also on pale blue, pale pink, lemon, or green sheer linen. Work in bright red and green tonings, and when embroidery is finished turn an inch hem around and stemstitch in red. Cloth measures 36in. x 36in., serviettes to match 11in. x 11in. Cloth 14/11. Serviettes 1/6 each. Postage 8d. extra.

Don't dread
sick headaches



deal with —

'SLUGGISH SYSTEM'

Don't let sick headaches rob you of the fun of life. Attack the root of the trouble with Beecham's Pills, the unfailing treatment for constipation.

Try a regular daily dose of Beecham's Pills and make minor upsets a thing of the past.

Sold everywhere, 1/- and 2/6 per box.

Beecham's Pills

THE VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

They can't
detect
when hair
has been
Inecto'd



It looks so natural!

Inecto colours your hair right through—just as nature does. That's why Inecto does not fade or rub off. Unaffected by sun... wind... water.

Don't put up with faded hair. Get natural colour from Inecto's 18 natural shades. Consult your hairdresser or chemist about Inecto.

INECTO

RAPID
HAIR COLOURING

Suffering with a
COLD

DON'T RELY ON HALF MEASURES
TAKE FOOLISH CHANCES

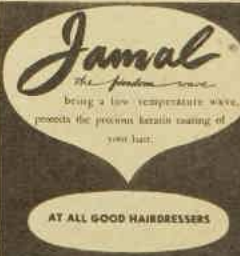
Get after your chest cold with moist heat—a time-proven treatment endorsed by many doctors all over the world. Antiphlogistine Poultice gives you the benefits of moist heat—right in your own home. Just do these two simple things recommended by many doctors:

1. Put an Antiphlogistine Poultice on back and chest. Throat, too—if it's sore.
2. Go to bed. Antiphlogistine Poultice works all through the night. Helps you get a good night's sleep.

Antiphlogistine

Medicated
POULTICE
DRESSING

The soothing warmth of Antiphlogistine Poultice relaxes tense or aching muscles, stimulates circulation, helps ease coughs due to colds.



AT ALL GOOD HAIRDRESSERS

Page 39

Nf
059.4
AUS



Above or below the Snow Line



Glowing health goes hand in hand with MILO, the delicious chocolate-flavoured drink which everybody enjoys. MILO is energising... it warms you through and through... builds stamina and resistance to winter ills and chills. For family fitness serve steaming hot MILO frequently... morning, noon and night. MILO is made from pure country milk and malted cereals, fortified with vitamins A, B and D. Phosphates, calcium and valuable mineral salts are also found in MILO... the tonic for the times.

A NESTLE'S PRODUCT

THE REGULAR
HEALTH DRINK IS
MILO

The Fortified
TONIC FOOD

8-OZ. TIN $2\frac{2}{3}$: 14-OZ. TIN $3\frac{9}{10}$

Prices slightly higher
in country areas



Available in
all States



The Australian Women's Weekly — August 7, 1948